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THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

*Five hundred and twenty copies only printed for England
and America combined. Each copy numbered.*

No.

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

BY EDMUND SPENSER

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1579 IN PHOTOGRAPHIC
FACSIMILE WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, PH.D.

LONDON

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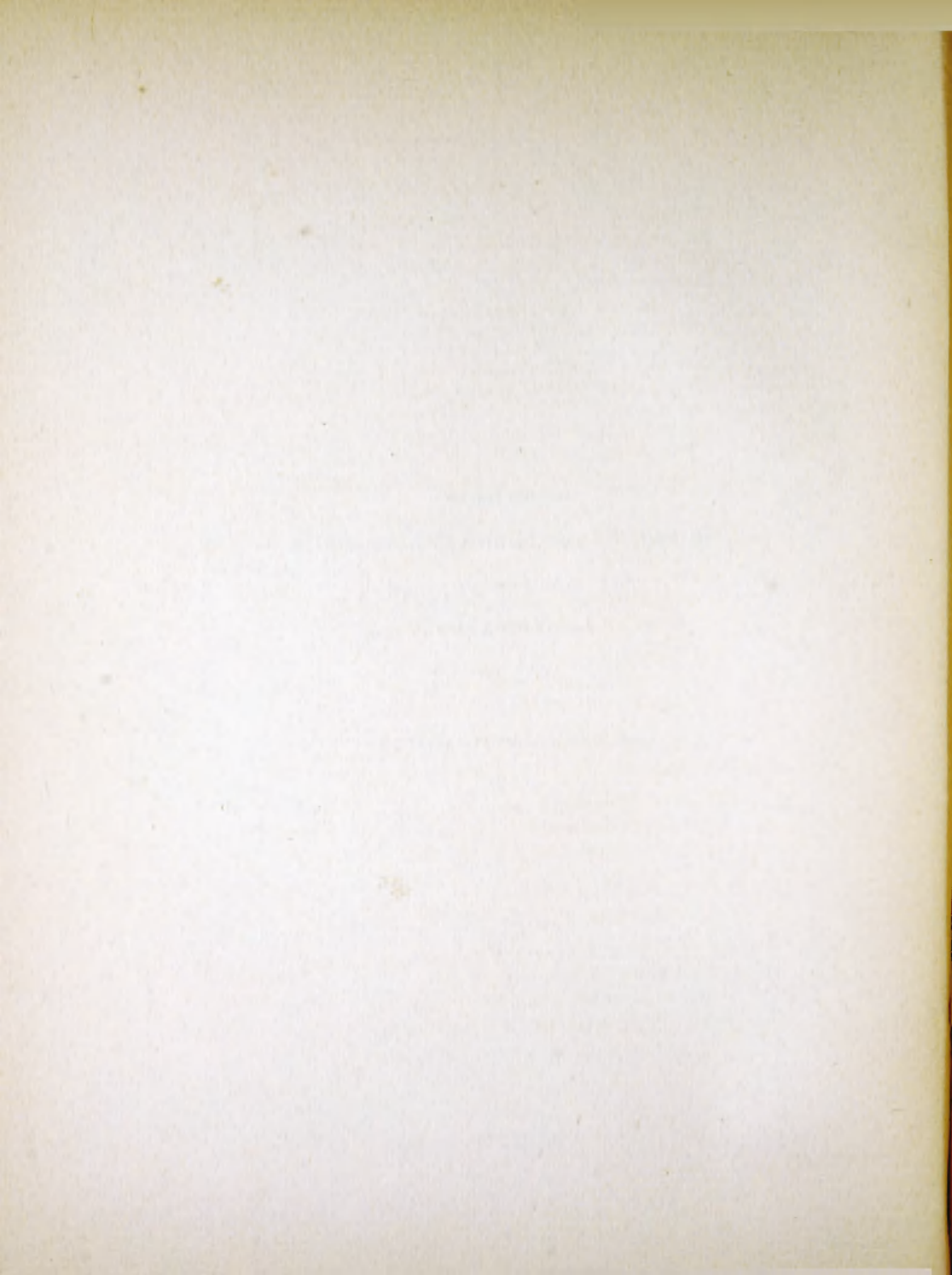
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TO
MY KIND FRIEND
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHARLES BRUCE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN
OF
HIGH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

* *
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PREFACE.

SPENSER'S "Shepheardes Calender" was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of "The Faerie Queene." Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his "Life of Spenser" appropriately observes, it marks a "turning-point" in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the "Shepheardes Calender" gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication.

It is well known that the attempts to identify "E. K.," the so-called friend of Spenser, whose commentary appeared with the Calender, have given rise to many suppositions and disputes. Some have said "E. K." means E. King; others have asserted "E. K." means Edward Kirke or Kerke, and this for no other reason than that there was a man of such name living in Cambridge in Spenser's time. Very few only, and among them

G. L. Craik, ventured, even at the risk of being laughed at, to speak of the possibility that "E. K." and E. Spenser might be identical.

In 1888, after the subject had been dropped for many years, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, took it up again, and proved, as far as this is possible, that Spenser wrote himself the commentary, generally attributed to one of his friends.

In bringing out the present edition, it was chiefly my aim to make English students acquainted with this result. By kind permission of E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. L. B. Fleming was allowed to photograph the volume.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

ON December 5, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall¹ under the name of Hugh Singleton, who probably bought the book from the author or his friends. As the epistle of "E. K." is dated April 10, 1579, we may suppose that the volume passed in the interval the press. Neither in the entry nor on the title-page the author's name is mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." The title of this original edition is this:

1. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelue *Æglogues* proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sidney. (··) At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579. 4to.² This edition contains woodcut engravings before each of the twelve eclogues, appropriate to its contents. The poem is printed in black letter, the arguments in italics, the notes in Roman type. Title (with verses "To His Booke" on the back), one leaf; Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, two leaves; the General Argument, one leaf; and the poem on Sig. A1 to

¹ Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875, 4to, vol. ii. p. 362:—

5 December [1579].

Hughe Singelton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vj^d.

² Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration. By W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1867, 8vo, p. 572.

N4 in fours. There are four copies of this edition known to exist:—

1°. No. 11,532 of the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, from which the present edition is photographed.¹

2°. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.²

3°. No. 293, Capell, T. 9, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.³

4°. No. 427 of the Huth Library.⁴

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom, according to the Registers of Stationers' Hall, Hugh Singleton assigned the book.⁵ The second edition is very much like the first, and the same woodcuts precede the single eclogues. It has this title:—

2. The Shepheardes Calender. Containing twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sydney. ∴ ¶ Imprinted at London by Thomas East, for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581. Also this second edition is rare. There are copies of it in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries. It is similarly arranged as the first edition. The Title occupies one leaf; the Epistle to Harvey, two leaves; and the General Argument, one leaf. The volume has 52 folios. The poem is printed in black letter, the Arguments in italics, the Commentary in Roman type.

3. The Shepheardes Calender. Containing twelve Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of

¹ Catalogue of the Grenville Library, under "Spenser."

² Catalogus Impressorum Librorum in Bibl. Bodleiana, vol. iii. p. 520.

³ Rob. Sinker, Early English Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College. Cambridge, 1885, 8vo, p. 105.

⁴ Catalogue of the Huth Library. London, 1880, 4to, vol. iv. p. 1385.

⁵ Transcript. Reg. of Comp. Stat., &c., vol. ii. p. 380:

29 October [1581].

John harrison: Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to have the sheppardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vj^d.

learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586. 4to. Contrary to this statement, we read on folio 52: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison," etc. With very slight differences, arranged as the first and second editions.

4. The Shepheards Calender, Containing twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitvled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. London, Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591. 4to.

5. The Shepheards Calendar. Containing twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve Moneths. Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, &c. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597. 4to. The British Museum copy contains Latin translation in MS.

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepherdes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: *The Faerie Qveen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenser.* ¶ Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renowned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Graciously Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her Fame.¹

In 1653 Spenser's book came out with a Latin translation in verse:

¹ In this edition the woodcuts that were made for the original edition were used for the last time. The "Faerie Queen," the "Shepheards Calendar," and the "Prosopopeia" are each separately paged. Several of the minor pieces have separate title-pages, and are without pagination.

The Shepheards Calendar, &c., by Edmund Spenser, Prince of English Poets, accompanying "Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ duodecim, totidem anni mensibus accomodatae. Anglicè olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero, Anglorum Poetarum Principe; nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ à Theodoro Bathurst, Aulae Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini M. M. T. C. & C. Bedell, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgò vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Dom. 1653." 8vo. The editor of this translation, as well as the original, appears to have been, by the preface, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, who in the same year was elected Master of that Society. At the end of the volume a Glossary, or Alphabetical Index of unusual words, is added. The Epistle to Harvey, the General Argument, and the Commentary are not in this edition. The whole is printed in Roman type, and contains 147 pages.

This edition was reprinted in 1732 by John Ball, with the addition of a Latin dissertation: "De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis," and an "augmented Glossary." On the title-page below, the words: "Typis Londiniensibus. Prostant apud Ch. Rivington, & John Knapton, Bibliop. & T. Fletcher, Oxon." No date is given, but the volume appeared also with another title-page, on which 1732 and the printer's name, W. Bowyer, are given.

Besides these separate editions, the *Shepherd's Calendar* has been reprinted with all the editions of the complete works of Spenser,¹ the best known of which are Todd's (1805), Collier's, (1862), Hales' (1869), and Grosart's (1882), and with all editions of his poetical works.²

In our own time, Professor Henry Morley edited the "*Shepherd's Calendar*," 1888, separately, for Cassell's National Library (12mo).

¹ According to the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library, there exist about ten different editions of the complete works, and about fifteen of the poetical works of Spenser; so that altogether the "*Shepherd's Calendar*" has been printed thirty-five times in three hundred years.

² H. J. Todd's ed., 8 vols., Lond., 1805, 8vo; J. P. Collier's ed., 5 vols., Lond., 1862, 8vo; J. W. Hales' Globe ed., 1 vol., Lond., 1869, 8vo; A. B. Grosart's ed., Lond. and Aylesbury, 1882, 4to.

II.

THE COMMENTATOR OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

THE "Shepheardes Calender" was from its first appearance accompanied by "the Glosse," or an explanatory commentary, written by "E. K.," who professes to be a friend of the poet. Nobody knew who "E. K." was, and, as far as we could ascertain, about that time nobody was inquisitive to know, perhaps owing to the fact that the poet's name itself, which was naturally of greater interest, was hidden behind the pseudonym "Immerito."

Many years after—the date cannot be fixed—people commenced to inquire about "E. K.," and tried to penetrate the veil with which the pseudo-commentator's personality is surrounded. Successively several suppositions were then made, till it was discovered that about Spenser's time there lived at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a certain Edward Kirke or Kerke, though really beyond a few dates¹ nothing whatever was known about this Kirke. This discovery put a stop to any further critical investigation. Edward Kirke was the "E. K." alluded to in the letters of Spenser to Harvey,² and he was proclaimed the author of

¹ Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, Cambridge, 1858 and 1861, 8vo, vol. ii. 244-245 :—

"Edward Kirke matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall in November 1571, subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a member of the latter house, proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578." (Comp. Biograph. Brit., 3804, 3805, 3814. Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, Lond., 1827, fol. i. 73, ii. 125. Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*, Lond. 1815, 4to, vol. ii. p. 262 and 288. W. Oldys' *Brit. Librarian*, Lond., 1738, 8vo, p. 87 and 90.—Comp. also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ix., June 21, 1860; 3rd Series, vii., June 24, 1865.)

² "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," &c., and in the same volume: "Two other very commendable Letters," &c. Lond., 1580, 8vo.

In the letter dated April 10, 1580 :—

1. "'E. K.' heartily desyreth to be commended vnto your Whorshippe: of

"the Glosse." Thus from edition to edition of Spenser's works this was repeated as a fact; nobody ever thought of going again deeply into the matter; indeed, if anybody doubted it, he was afraid of expressing his opinion for fear of being laughed at.

It is interesting to read some of the accounts given by Spenser students on this point.

Todd¹ writes: "Some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholiast. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name." He himself leaves the point undecided, and generally speaks of the commentator "E. K."

Collier² says: "The discovery of the name of a person in Spenser's own college, whose initials correspond with the 'E. K.' placed at the end of the epistle to Gabriel Harvey introducing the 'Shepheardes Calender,' puts an end to the absurd speculations³ hazarded by some critics that Spenser had in fact been his own editor, and consequently his own laudator, and to the scarcely less improbable notion that G. Harvey had penned the letter to himself."

Hales,⁴ in his biography of Spenser, says: "These poems are

whome, what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses to your selfe."

2. "Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight: but coming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October to Mystresse Kerkes to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke."

3. "You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other."

The other reference is in the postscriptum:—

"I take best my Dreames shoulde come forthe alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calender. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K.," &c. (These letters are reprinted by J. Haslewood, Lond., 1811, 4to, in *Anc. Crit. Essays upon Engl. Poets and Poesy*, and in vol. i. of Dr. Grosart's edition of the works of Gabriel Harvey.)

¹ Todd, *Spenser's Works*, Lond., 1805, vol. i. p. xxi. note.

² J. Payne Collier, *The Complete Works of Spenser*, vol. i. p. xl.

³ Rob. Nares, *A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, etc.*, in *English Authors*. London, new edit. enlarged by J. O. Halliwell and Th. Wright, 1859, 8vo, p. 334: under "Frembd," "Spenser was probably his own commentator;" under "Mister," "his own Glossary."

⁴ J. W. Hales, *Life of Spenser*, in Morris's *Globe edition*, Lond., 1869, 8vo.

ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend (in Cambridge), Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials 'E. K.'"

Grosart,¹ in a special article, "Notices of Edward Kirke," &c., writes: "Connecting the full name of 'Mystresse Kerke' (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of 'Kirke'—with E. K. (also *bis*) of these letters, it has been long accepted that E. K., who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse-writer of the 'Shepherd's Calender,' was an Edward Kirke, contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself, as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse-writer, the absurdity culminating in that of 'Notes and Queries,'² which gravely reads E. K. as 'Edmund Kalenderer' (?)."

More moderately, though not yet decidedly, Craik,³ after having mentioned that some people advanced the opinion that the poet and the commentator are the same person, continues: "It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry, which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had manifest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more

¹ Grosart, Spenser's Works, vol. iii, p. cviii. Besides the few dates given about Kirke in the Athen. Cantab., Grosart adds, "The only other bit of new biographic fact is that Edward Kirke became Rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk." Subjoined is Kirke's Will and Epitaph.

² *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vi., Nov. 4, 1876, p. 365:—

"The gloss or explanatory commentary prefixed to the earlier editions of the several eclogues is subscribed 'E. K.,' intended, not improbably, for the poet himself, the initials signifying here Edmund the Kalenderer," &c.

³ Geo. L. Craik, Spenser and his Poetry. London, 1845, 3 vols. 12mo, vol. i. pp. 34-35.

likely therefore to perform the office himself than intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s 'painful and dutiful verses,' spoken of in the letter of the 16th October 1579, may be merely a long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of 'Immerito,' and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the Gloss of the same E. K. upon his *Dreams*, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney or Dyer and his other friends by their initials; it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye."

So far the opinions or statements of those who by an intimate acquaintance with Spenser's poetry ought to be best qualified to decide the question who "E. K." was; but can any critic be satisfied with them? They all agree that "E. K." must have been an intimate and chosen friend of the poet, as every page of the Gloss shows, and that for no other reason than that this "E. K." describes himself as such, and because they cannot reconcile themselves with the idea that Spenser could have been capable of such an action. Supposing they were all right, why did not Spenser in later years, when it was long known that he wrote the *Eclogues*, disclose also his friend's name? The devoted friend is nowhere mentioned after 1580 in any of Spenser's writings. If Spenser was anxious to conceal that he wrote the "Glosse," must we not naturally imagine that he did all in his power to make the illusion complete,¹ and to avoid as far as he

¹ The remarks, therefore, which Spenser makes in the letter already published in 1580 about E. K. are of no value at all.

could everything that might lead to a disclosure? Further, the initials "E. K." were connected with a certain Edward Kirke for no other reason than that he was a contemporary of the poet. Nobody has ever proved that a friendship existed between Kirke and Spenser, but the enigma, one must admit, can through this hypothesis be very conveniently explained. I do not think that I am unjust in saying all those statements, Craik's excepted, are bare of any criticism, for if there were no reasons to be found for the identity of Spenser and Kirke, certainly it is no less absurd speculation to advance the one hypothesis than to be in favour of the other; and however strange it may appear to us if we read "E. K.'s" epistle, and see him spoken of by Spenser in the letters referred to above, it is neither impossible nor improbable, but a fact, that Spenser wrote the "Glosse" without being guilty of any contemptible action. As all great poets, Spenser was in advance of his age. He saw clearly in his mind the difficulties with which he would have to contend in appearing before the world, unknown, in controversy with the existing opinions and fashions, a declared enemy of the University pedantry and the affectations of the Court. Fully conscious of his poetical abilities, and feeling that he was destined to fulfil a literary mission, he wrote the Commentary, in order to draw the attention of his contemporaries to his work, to be better able to point out to them how he meant to deal with style and form.¹ To successfully reach his purpose, he profited by the love of mystery and allegory, a

¹ Spenser intended to introduce pastoral poetry into England (though this had already been attempted long before him by the Benedictine monk Alexander Barclay and others; comp. Sommer, *Erster Versuch über die englische Hirten-dichtung*, Marburg, 1888, 8vo, p. 20); hence his defence of this "new" kind of poetry and his detailed description in the Epistle to Harvey. Publishing some years later the first books of the "*Faerie Queene*," he accompanied them by a preface in the shape of a letter to Raleigh: "Sir, knowing how doutfully all Allegories may be construed [perhaps he had some experience from his "*Shepheardes Calender*"], and this book of mine . . . being a continued Allegory, . . . I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as for your better light in reading thereof, . . . to discover vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned. . . ." Had he thought it wise to disclose his name in 1579, he would have commenced his preface in very much the same way.

prominent feature of Elizabethan literature, and I believe did no great wrong.

I shall now proceed to adduce, following Uhlemann,¹ arguments that my supposition concerning "E. K." is correct.

1. The recent investigations and researches by Kluge and Reissert² concerning Spenser's sources, both published in the *Anglia*, have shown that the commentator's references to the poet's authorities are in several cases inaccurate or even wrong. As I shall perhaps have an opportunity of treating more fully about this subject later, it may here suffice to give a few examples. In the eleventh eclogue, "E. K." says Spenser has copied or imitated Theocritus, whereas Kluge proves that Mantuan has been the poet's model. In the twelfth eclogue a few verses are said to have been taken from Vergil, but actually they are taken from Marot, &c. How can these facts be accounted for, especially if we bear in mind that "E. K." is generally accurate to the detail? Very well, when we assume that "E. K." is Spenser himself. In the "Epistle" the sources are all stated as Theocritus, Vergil, Mantuan, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Marot, Sanazarus, and "also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth;" "yet," he continues, "so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out." For this latter reason, Spenser thought it necessary to here and there point out to his readers the very passages he imitated, and this he did from memory, not having his models at hand, and thus we can explain why his quotations are not always correct and complete. Besides, to judge Spenser, we must adopt another point of view than we would as regards a modern poet. The literary decorum was in the sixteenth century different. Poets profited by their predecessors more than we would consider decent now-a-days, and they did not take care to quote their authorities. So, *e.g.*, Chaucer and Lydgate did, as Kissner, Ten Brink, and Koeppel have proved. Compared to them

¹ Dr. Uhlemann, *Der Verfasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," Jahresbericht, No. xiii. des Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasiums zu Hannover, 1888, Progr. No. 292.*

² Kluge, *Anglia*, vol. iii. pp. 266-274; Reissert, *Anglia*, vol. ix. pp. 205-224.

Spenser has been scrupulous. The illustrious poet Alexander Pope, many years after Spenser, did a far greater wrong by giving such references to his models as were intended to mislead his readers.

2. In his notes to the Eclogues of January, October, and November, "E. K." refers often to the writings of Plato. He quotes especially the Dialogues "Alcibiades," "De Legibus," and "Phædon." All these references, particularly those in the first and tenth Eclogue, show distinctly that their writer was intimately acquainted with Plato's works. Such a knowledge of Plato was in Spenser's age by no means so common as in our days; but of Spenser we know from his own statements (comp. Preface to the "Faerie Queene"), and from Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life"¹ written between 1584-89, that he was well versed with Greek philosophy, and devoted himself with zeal and pleasure to the study of Plato. Also in his "Fowre Hymnes"² Spenser expresses thoughts concerning true love very similar to those expressed on this subject in his notes to the Eclogues of January; and these hymns, though only published in 1596, were partly written in his earlier days, as he states in his preface, "Having in the greener times of my youth composed these former Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie." Is it after these reflections not more reasonable to suppose that Spenser himself wrote the Commentary than to attribute it to an "E. K.," about whom and about whose knowledge of Plato we have no knowledge whatever?

3. Between the Epistle to G. Harvey and the text of the

¹ Lodowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life: "Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to intrust me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greeke tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall" (Todd's Life of Spenser, vol. I. p. lviii.).

² Compare, e.g., the 26th stanza:—

"For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust," &c.

"Shepheardes Calender" is the "General Argument of the Whole Book," treating chiefly of the history of the "Calender." An article about the signification of the word "eclogue," which, according to "E. K.," has etymologically to be spelled "aigloga," concludes with the words, "Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion." What greater occasion is meant? There appears to be a reference to some unpublished treatise on poetry. Of an "E. K.," whoever he may be, we do not know by any record that he ever wrote or intended to write such a work; but Spenser had finished about that time his unfortunately lost work, "The English Poet," which is described as to its title and contents in the Eclogue of October: "In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art, or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine Enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called 'The English Poet,' which booke being lately come in to my hands, I minde also by God's grace, upon further advisement to publish." From this we may conclude that one part of the lost work, "The English Poet," treated about the high vocation of the poet. In the "glosse" to the eclogue of October, "E. K." terminates a long remark to the words "For ever," thus: "Such honour have Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably." This "else where" can only refer to "The English Poet," as none of Spenser's works which we possess treats a similar subject, and among his lost ones it can only allude to "The English Poet." As it is impossible to find any trace of such a work by an "E. K.," I think we may reasonably suppose that "E. K." is Spenser.

4. One may say that the arguments hitherto given are not

absolutely convincing; the following is certainly so. In the notes to the Eclogue of May, "E. K." mentions as source for the verses:

"Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost,"

an epithet of Sardanapalus, which Cicero thus translates:

"Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido,
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relictæ."

"These verses may thus be rendered into English," continues "E. K."

"All that I eate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
As for those many goodly matters left I for others."

As it is obvious, the English translation is an imitation of the Latin distich. Now we know from the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser that the former endeavoured to introduce antique metres into English poetry, and that the latter attempted to carry out these theories.¹ Is not this a reason to attribute the translation of the Latin distich rather to Spenser than to an unknown person? Fortunately we have in this case a certain proof at hand. In the letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser communicates a little poem to his friend Harvey, in which he tried the antique metre, and says: "Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?"

'That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.'

This translation corresponds to that owned by "E. K." word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which,"—and this proves that "E. K." and Spenser are identical.

Further, in the Eclogue of April, "E. K." or Spenser remarks: "Bay branches be the signe of honour and victorie, and there-

¹ Letter of October 15, 1579, ". . . I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your counsell."

fore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets :—

“ Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honor d’Imperatori et di Poeti,” etc.

The same Italian verses are quoted in Harvey’s third letter to Spenser, where he says, in order to encourage his friend : “ Think upon Petrarch’s *Arbor vittoriosa triomfale*, Onor, etc., and perhappes it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher.” Harvey thus apparently takes it for granted that Spenser is well versed with the said verses of Petrarch, and this either because of his personal intercourse and correspondence with him, or because he knew that Spenser was the writer of the “ Glosse ” to the “ Shepheardes Calender,” which latter is under the circumstances more probable.¹

The identity of “ E. K.” with Edmund Spenser is nowhere in contradiction with the form and the contents of the commentary.

If we allow that Spenser wrote the commentary, we can understand the enthusiastic tone of the “ General Argument,” and of the note to the words “ For ever,” in the tenth Eclogue. A mere commentator would never have been so deeply penetrated with a sense of the high vocation and importance of the poet.

¹ Searching in *Notes and Queries*, I came across the following suggestion, Sept. 9, 1854, 1st Series, vol. x. pp. 204–205 : “ In the ‘ Glosse ’ of the Eclogue of April, Rosalind is spoken of as deserving to be commended to immortality as much as Myrto or Petrarch’s Laura, ‘ or Himera the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eies.’ If we compare these latter lines with verses 919–924 of ‘ Colin Clout’s come home againe : ’—

‘ And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise,’

we are led to think that both came from the same pen.”

It no longer excites surprise that the merits of G. Harvey, not to mention others,¹ are so much expounded in the Epistle and in the notes. If "E. K." were not Spenser himself, he would have carefully avoided darkening the poet by praising others at his expense, but Spenser doing it himself simply expressed his gratitude to his best friend Harvey.

Thus we now know that "E. K." means Edmund Spenser, and this result enables us to say that all allusions to the life and works of Spenser contained in the "Glosse" are genuine and valuable material for the completion of his biography, whereas the letters between him and Harvey have to be used with great care. But it still continues an open question why Spenser took these letters, or what is meant by them. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspeare's Sonnets.

¹ Eclogue for January : Sir Tho. Smith ; in the third Eclogue : Angelus Politianus.

T H E
Shepheardes Calender

Conteyning twelue *Eglogues* proportionable
to the twelve monethes.

Entitled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualrie M.
Philip Sidney.
(.)



AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
signe of the gylden Tonne, and
are there to be solde.
1579.



TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent:
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.*

*But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardie,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.*

Immerito.

The generall argument of the whole booke.

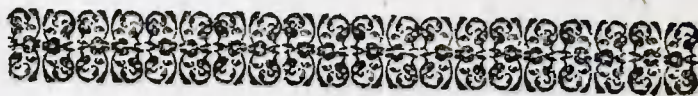


ittle I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Æglogues*, hauing already touched the same. But for the word *Æglogues* I know is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called *Æglogai* as it were *αἴγιοι* or *αἰγολόγοι*. that is Gotheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Gotheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and vellspring the vvhole Inuention of his *Æglogues*, maketh Gotheards the persons and authors of his tales. Thus being, vvhose secth not the grossensse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they vould say, extraordinary discourses of vnnecessarie matter, vvhich definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit answereth with the *αἰγολογία* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*, vvhich sentence this authour very vvell obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Gotheards haue to doe herein, nethelisse doubreth not to cal the by the vsed and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. *Æclogues* euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be vvell diuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue such as al those be, vvhich conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vvhich for the most part be mixt with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence deuue to oldage, the fift of coloured deceit, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt vvits, And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, vvhose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priue to. And thus much generally of these xij. *Æclogues*. Now vwill vve speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vvhich he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherin to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned vvith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the sonne renevveth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refre sheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now vborne avvay, reliueth. This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which accoumpt also vvas generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, vve mayntaine a custome of computing the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, vvhose as then renevvng the state of the decayed vworld, and returning the cōpasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. vvhich reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good proofe of

special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, vvhhen as yet the compt of the yere was
 not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from
 Marches begining, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded
 the people of the Ievves to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich vve call March, for the
 first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of
 Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both
 in gouernment of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar
 vvho first obserued the leape yeere vvvhich he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in
 to a more certain course the odde vvandring dayes vvvhich of the Greekes vvvere called
ἑρμηνεύματα of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to
 vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombréd xij. vvvhich in the first
 ordinance of Romulus vvvere but tenne, counting but CCCiij. dayes in every yeare,
 and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvho vvvas the father of al the Romain
 ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvwith the course of the
 sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: vvhere-
 in it seemeth, that vvise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of
 him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the
 name of the god Ianus, to vvvhich god for that the old Pāynims attributed the byrth &
 beginning of all creatures nev vvv coming into the vvvorlde, it seemeth that he therefore
 to him assigned the beginning and first enrraunce of the yeare: vvvhich account for the
 most part hath hetherto continued. Not vvwithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne theyr
 yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very pur-
 pose of the scripture selfe; God made the vvvorlde in that Moneth, that is called of them
 Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauilions in the end of
 the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, vvvhich before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of
 thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of common ynderstanding, to be-
 gin vvwith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decoru, that Sepheard should be seene in mat-
 ter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth
 he, & so continueth he throughout.



To the most excellent and learned both

Orator and Poete, Mafter Gabriell Haruey, his

verie special and singular good frend E. K. commen-

deth the good lyking of this his labour,

and the patronage of the

new Poete.

(..)



VNCOV THE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a vvorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadstarre of our Language: and vvhom our Colin clout in his *Eclogue* calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich prouerbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serueth vvell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his bawdy brocage, so very vvell taketh place in this our nev Poete, vvho for that he is vncouth (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnknewen to most me, is regarded but of few. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowlledge of men, and his vvorthines be founded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvittinesse in deuising his pittinesse in vvterring, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvizensesse, his deuue obseruing of Decorum euerye vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally in al seemely simplicitie of handeling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvhich of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know vvill seeme the straungest, the vvords them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse of speache so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And firste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours and most famous Poetes. In vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and thoroughly redd, how could it be, (as that vvorthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other cause he vvalked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, and hauing the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde vvould make his ryms more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be objected of Valla against Liuius, and of other against Saluste, that vvith ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one & in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memory sayle not, Tullie in that booke, vvherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a

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perfect

E

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perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme grate, and as it were reuetend : no otherwise then vve honour and reuerence gray heares for a certain religious regard, which we haue of old age. yet nether euery where must old words be stufled in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blazé and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftentimes we fynde our selues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue & glorious vvords. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wellshaped body. But if any vvill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vvvonted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvitleesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemning. for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vvill iudge of the length of his cast. for in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many vvhych are dew to this Poete, that he hath labored to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare disherited. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truly of it self is both ful enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben coured most bare & barrein of both. which default when as some endeouored to salve & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rage of other languages, borrowing here of the french, thence of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, nor vveighing how ill, those tongues accorde vvith themselves, but much vvorse vvith ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of al other speeches. Other some no so wel seme in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if the happen to here an olde vvord albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euaders mother spake. vvhole first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight vvay deeme to be senselesse, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, vvould inno wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and naturall speech, vvhych together vvith their Nources milke they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they vvill not onely themselves not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embelished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine vvould feede: vvhole currish kind though cannot be kept from harking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Nowv for the knitting of sentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speech, it is round vvithout roughnesse, and learned vvithout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For vvhat in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it vvcre vngyrt, in this Authour is vvell grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellie route of our ragged rymers (for so the selues vse to hunt the letter) vvhych vvithout learning bosse, vvithout iudgement

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iudgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirit had nervly rauished them about the meanenesse of common capacitie. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, sodenly cyther for vwant of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethelesse let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shorres, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill.

And,

Enough is me to paint out my vniest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it semeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt covertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. which moued him rather in *Æglogues*, then other wise to vwrite, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilitie? and as young birdes, that be nervly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender vrynys, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his vvinges. So flew Mantuane, as being not full sound. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarius, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author euery where follovveth, yet so as few, but they be wel sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, whose principals be scarec grooven out, but yet as that in time shall be liable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed youth had long vvaunded in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to vvarne (as he sayth) the young shepheards .i. his equals and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he computed these xij. *Æglogues*, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glosse or scholion for the exposition of old vvordes & harder phrases: vvhich manner of glosing and commenting, well I vvote, vvill seeme straunge & rare in our tongue, yet for so much as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in wordes and matter vvould passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vnknown, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priue to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other vvorks of his, vvhich albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, him selfe being for long time sure estranged, hoping that this vvill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorks of his, vvhich slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; whose commendations to set out, were verye

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vayne; the thinges though vvorthy of many, yet being knowne to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvn good Maister Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vvorthinesse generally, and othervvise vpon some particular & special cou siderations voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongful accusation, defend vvith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield vvith your good vvill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know vvilbe set on fire vvith the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vvnto you, as vvnto his most special good frend, and my selfe vvnto you both, as one making singular account of vvto so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farvvel, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to
be commaunded E. K.

Post scr

NOw I trust M. Haruey, that vvpon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnvvorthy Quidams, vvwhich catch at the garland, vvwhich to you alone is deuyne, you vvill be persvaded to pluck out of the haresful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemmes of yours, vvwhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. - Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in deprauing them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smooothering your deserved prayles, and all men generally, in vvithholding from them. so diuine pleasures, vvwhich they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doett of your Latine Poemmes, vvwhich in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellenr. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey. from my lodging at London thys 10. of April. 1579.



Ægloga prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore troubled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.



COLIN Cloute.

Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)
when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
So faynt they were, and feeble in the falde,
That now vnmethes their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
For pale and wann he was, (alas the while,)
May seeme he lorde, or els some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.

A. 1.

The

Januarie.

Tho to a hill his saynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Oe Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flower, and after hasten
Thy sommer proude with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mas-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud frising with unkindly cold:
Such stormy floures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woren old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,
Wherewith the byrds were wont to build their bowze:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Insteede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did floure:
I see your teares, chat from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in dycry plicles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is dye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The bloosme, which my bzaunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the dzyling teares descend,
As on your boughes the plicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleere is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake throug fast and euill fare:

Paist

Mayst witnesse well by thy ill gouernement,
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand liches I curse that carefull hower.
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand liches I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath byed my bane.
Ah God, that loue should byede both ioy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol* wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he teeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtseys I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early frute.
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth repproue,
And of my rurall musick holderth scoorne.
Shepheards deuile she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clont* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
And thou unlucky *Puse*, that wonest to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou shouldest:
Both pype and *Puse*, shall soze the while abyde.
So broke his oaten pype, and downe vpyde.

By that, the welked *Phæbus* gan abaille,
His weary warne, and nowe the frosty *Night*
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

A.ii.

Colins

Januarie.

Colins Embleme.

Anchôra speme.



GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vvord Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlkelyhood of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthes) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to knowv or to haue skill. As vvell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smitth in his booke of gouernment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsfeman, and my verie singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent vvrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expressing the Latine Vicina. Stoure) a fitt. Sere) vvithered.

His clovvnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vvhereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, vvwhich the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: vvho sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvwhich is Alcybiades ovvne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be præferred before gynerastice, that is the loue, vvbyche enflameth men vvith lust tovvard vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuclish disciple Vnico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlavvful fleshlinesse. VVhose abominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a pretty Epanorthosis in these vvvo verses, and vvithall a Patonomasia or playing vvith the vvord, vvhere he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c,

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvwhich being wel ordered, vvil bevrray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvwhich of some is supposed to be

Iulia

Januarie

fol. 3

Julia, the emperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Annius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthia, albe it is wel knowne that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu, And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Coelia in her letters enuclappeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages.

Augl) bring downe . .

Embleme:

Ouerhaile) drawe out.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning wherof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.



Ægloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secreete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie an unhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now dropping, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this wast of yeare, so the in our

A.iii.

bodies

F

Februarie.

bodies there is a dry & withering cold; which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE.

THENOT.

A For pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tallwage:
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wygle tailed,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Let woly complaineſt thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wratke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the woꝛld wend in his commun course
From good to badde, and from badde to woꝛse,
From woꝛse vnto that is woꝛst of all,
And then returne to his foꝛmer fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I woꝛne out thirle threttie yeares,
Some in much toy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold noꝛ heate,
Of Sommers flame, noꝛ of Winters thꝛeat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter oꝛ Sommer they moughc well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile Thenot, if thou can beare
Therefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wyꝑe.
And as the lomyng Wether looks downe,

So semest thou like good fryday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe without in stormes to be toss.

THE NOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So loytring lue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining sunne langheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho gynse you, fond flyes, the cold to scozne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare.
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the heme winter with chaufred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Dreily thooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pycks the harte.
Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then paye you the pprice of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scozne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing yongth to spil.
I deeme, thy bzaine emperished bee
Throug rustie elde, that hath rotted thee:
O sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulver it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And herp with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse:
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes:

A.4.

I wonne

Februarie.

I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Emboss with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepheards would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to losse,
All that is lent, to loue, wyll be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So sinirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent,
See howe he ventereth into the wynd,
Cleeneest of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustelle bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost,
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Twes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailefull widowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Pastur is lustelle and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely traquance thy headlesse hood.
For Younge is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynnere Penance,
And stoopegallant Age the hoste of Greuance.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truch,
Which I com of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more Thenot, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuile:
They bene so well chewed, and so wise,
That euer that good old man helpake.

Thenot

THE NOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Dake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disparayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous height
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And moche mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his mits larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
His honoz decayed, his bzaunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging bzyre,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to thyeat the Firmament.
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
And in his small bushes bled to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Bzyre wepe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou bzutish blocket?
Nay for fruct, nay for shadowe serues thy stocket:
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cresset redde,
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene.

Februarie.

Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloiethe,
My Sinamon sinell too much annoieth.
Wherefore soone I reoe thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prone.
So spake this bold here with great vilaine:
Little him answered the Duke againe,
But yielde, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to serue his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull here had espyed,
Caus lesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Supplicants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure;
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemye.
Greatly aghaist with this pittous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And hadde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words he gan this proude weede,
(As most vlen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

O my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowering blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this fawed Duke,

Whose

Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
 Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire:
 Hindering with his shade my louely light,
 And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight:
 So beate his old braynes my tender side,
 That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
 Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honoz of your Coronall.
 And oft he lets his canker wormes light
 Vpon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Where with my fresh flowretts bene defalt,
 For this, and many moze such outrage,
 Crauing your goodthead to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,
 Mought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greeuance.

To this the Dake cast him to replie
 Well as he couth: but his enemye
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wraoth with many a threate.
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas, that it so ready shoulde stand)
 And to the field alone he speedeth.
 (A little helpe to harme there needeth)
 Anger noulde let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
 And made many wounds in the walf Dake.
 The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:
 Semeu, the sencelesse yron vpon feare,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.

Februarie.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But like fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Dake to this miserie.
For nought nought they quitted him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groined vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the Steele had pierced his pitch,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
The earth shooke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasure:
But all this glee had no continuance.
For eldones Winter gan to approche,
The blustering Boreas did encroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Brere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nippt his stalke dead,
The watry wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe vpright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and hozed, and sorely hurt.
Such was the end of this Ambitious brere,
For scorning Elo

CVDDIE

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe haue I listened to thy speche,
That grassed to the ground is my beche:

My hartblood is welnigh frozne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
Ipe thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Theñots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essemplio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.*



GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.

Grilde) perced : an olde vvord much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of)
in Chaucer.

Ronts) young bullockes.

VVracke) ruine or Violence, vvhen commeth shipvvracke: and not vvreake, that is
vengeaunce or vvraeth.

Foeman) a foe.

Thenor) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas . The saying is borowed of
Mimus Publianus, vvlich vsed this prouerb in a verse.

Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes.) Chaucers verse almost vvhole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill hus bandmen to flyes, that so soone
as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to flye abroad
vvhen sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold:

But est when) A verie excellent and buely description of VVinter, so as may bee indif-
ferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.

Breine) chill, bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or vvrinkled.

Accoied) plucked dovne and daunted.

Surquedrie) pryde.

Elde) olde age.

Sicker) sure.

Tottie) vvauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Heric) worshippe.

Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnkowen, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, lo-
ued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Belte) a girdle or wast band.

A son) a foole.

lythe) soft & gentle.

Venteth) snuffeth in the vvind.

Thy flocks Father) the Ramme.

Crags) neckes

B.iii.

Rather.

Februarie.

Rather Lambes) that be eved early in the beginning of the yeare.
 Youth is) A verye moral and pittthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared
 to a vvearie vwayfaring man.
 Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so
 long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.
 VVell cheved) that is, Bene morata, full of morall wisenesse.
 There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it
 is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellent
 for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of
 disdamfull younkers.
 Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.
 VVhy standst) The speach is scornesul & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.
 Accloiet) encombrerh. Adavved) daunted & confounded.
 Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber vwood. Sterne strife) said Chaucer .f.
 fell and sturdy. O my liege) A maner of supplication, vwherein is kind-
 ly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.
 Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blossomes.
 The Priinrque) The chiefe and vvortheft
 Naked annies) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colour-
 rably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.
 The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they
 saye) *per insignia*.
 Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.
 Hent) caught. Nould) for vvould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gashes.
 Enaunter) least that.
 The priestes crevve) holy vwater pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinkle &
 hallove the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vvas in those times, which
 the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.
 The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, vvhiche geueth sence and feeling to vn sensible
 creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt gaudio &c.
 Boreas) The Northerne vvynd, that bringeth the mooste stormie vweather.
 Glee) chere and iollitie.
 For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former
 verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.
 Galage) a startuppe or clovvnish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God,
 vvhich is himselfe most aged; being before al ages, and vvithout beginninge,
 maketh those, vvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre
 dayes, and blessing them vvyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen
 to all, but vnto those, vvhome God will so blesse: and albert that many euill me
 reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vvexe olde in myserie and
 thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill
 men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent,
 and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for
 despying his gray and frostye heares.

VVhom Cuddye doth countebuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede
 at the

at the first in conceipt of old age generally. for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypened with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stomes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being cyther by longe and ripe wysedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or vvith much trouble hardered against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grunnes and aulteritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he was so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe *Nemo Senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



Ægloga Tertia.

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, be-
ginne to make purpose of loue and other plesauce, which to springtime
is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes

B.4.

and

March.

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnder wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye Thomalin.

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nighest fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorow.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warrest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginneth to be refreshet,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thiske same Hathorne stude,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready Maies bowre,
That newe is bypast from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wepe light,
That scornefully looks at kaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willie, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awake?

O: hast thy selfe his slomber broken:
O: made preiue to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blew,
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preiue marks I would betray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Vlike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a sye,
A shepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adapes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiese.
For lichens is but the thirde morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sheepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with grieffe:
The while thilke same unhappyeewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vniopnted both her bones:
Bought her necke bene iopnted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought nē gang on the greene,

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

When

March.

When shepherdes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring by and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes cooting:
At length within an Drie robb
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but flacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And hott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I hott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastily bent,
And threwe: but nought abailed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
But he, chaft earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heeler:
For then I little smart did feeler:

But

But soone it soze encreased.
And now it ranckleth moze and moze,
And inwardly it festreth soze,
He wote I. how to cease it.

VVillye.

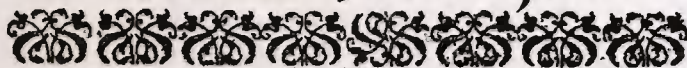
Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight;
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But howe and shafes as then none had:
Els had he soze be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
Its time to halt vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.



GLOSS.

THIS Eglogue seemeth somevwhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, vvherein
the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a vvinged boy in a tree,
was by hym warned, to beware of mischief to come.

Ouer vvent) ouergone
To quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or a frvage.

VVelkin) the skie.

Cii.

The swallow)

March.

The swallow) which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of flowres, but indeede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotté great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Elora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maia's bovyre) that is the pleasaunt fiede, or rather the Maye buthes. Maia is a Goddess and the mosher of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of some country lasse,

Ascaunce) a keyve or asquint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. VWherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by soue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten and out of knowlledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when all pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

A flotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel for theeues, and the vvoodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the gospel, as it were Gods spell or vvorde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe

An Yare todde) a thicke buthe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye .i. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .i. ful of flying fancies: vvith bove and arrow, that is vvith glaunce of beautye, vvich prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafis, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvho liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus: whych vvorke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into Englishe Rymes.

VVimble and vvights) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not vvithout speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being nervely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the River

River of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodies washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whyles he was busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which my-
sticall fable Eustathius unfolding, sayth: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synneues, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straichte becometh cold and vnfuitful. which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

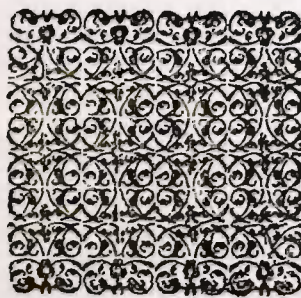
Wroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvanon youth vvalloveth, be but follye mixt with bitternesse, and sorow savved with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnrestfulnesse all night, and vvearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & synding that we would not haue: euē the selfe things vvich best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of tyme yeares, vviche also therevvithall chaungeth our vvonted, lyking and former fantasies, vvill then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen yongthes flowre is vvithered, and vve synde our bodyes and vvits answere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.



Aprill.



Ægloga Quarta.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers berein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maieslie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what gaires thee greete?
 What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ptozne?
 Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
 Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attemptred to the peare,
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like

Like Aprill shoure, so streemes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstye payne.

Hobbinoll.

For thys, nor that, so muche dooth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I loved so deare.
Nowe loves a lassie, that all his love dooth scoyne:
He plunged in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbear
Hys wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lamene?
Whose love such pinching payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to byde love?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne Shepheardes boye:
Whom Love hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynde is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glen:
So nowe sayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of sayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And cuned it unto the Waters fall.

De

Aprill.



O dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
 doe bathe your brest;
 For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
 at my request:
 And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
 Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,
 Helpe me to blaze
 Her worthy praise,
 Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre Elisa be your siluer song,
 that blessed wight:
 The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,
 In princely plight.
 For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
 Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot:
 So sprung her grace
 Of heauenly race,
 No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
 (O seemely sight)
 Vclad in Scarlet like a mayden Queene,
 And Ermines white.
 Vpon her head a Cremosin coronet,
 With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
 Bayleaues betweene,
 And Primroses greene
 Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face;
 Like Phoebe fayre?
 Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
 can you well compare?
 The Redde rose medled with the White pferre,
 In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.
 Her modest eye,
 Her Paletie,
 Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
 vpon her to gaze:
 But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
 it did him amaze.
 He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
 He durst againe his fyre face out shoue:
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightenelle compare
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe Cynthia with thy silver rayes,
 and be not abash't:
 When thee the beames of her beauty displayes,
 O how art thou dash't?
 But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
 Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.
 Now she is a stone,
 And makes dayly mone,
 Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
 such a Bellibone,
 And Syrinx reioyse, that euer was her lot
 to beare such an one.
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
 To her will I offer a milkewhite Lamb:
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swaine,
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see Calliope speede her to the place,
 where my Goddesse shines:
 And after her the other Muses trace,
 with their Vielines.
 Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
 All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
 So sweetely they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heauen is to heare.

D.

Lo

Aprill.

Lo how finely the graces can it soote
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.

Want not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?

Let that rowme to my Lady be geuen:

She shalbe a grace,

To fyll the fourth place,

And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither remmes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?

They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,

Of Olue bryanches beares a Coronall:

Olues bene for peace,

When wars doe surcease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hve you there apace:

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas shee is in place,

See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:

Binde your fillets faste,

And gird in your waste,

For moze finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,

With Gelliflowres:

Bring Coronations, and Boys in wine,

woyne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadownillies,

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The pretie Pawanee,

And the Chevisaunce.

Shall match with the sayre flowre Delice,

Now

Aprill.

fol. 14

Now ryle by *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damselfs may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longer:
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song,
And if you come hether,
When Damelines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

Thenot

And was this same song of *Colins* owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewoly bent.

Hobbinol.

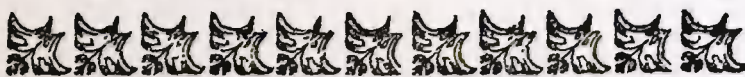
Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.



GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vveepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.
Attempred to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, vvhich mo-
neth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye
the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.

The Ladde] Colin Clout]. The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks] wretined & curled
Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking .s. vvhath maner of Ladde is he?

To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vvord making, our olde Englishe Poetes were
vvont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vvoorde ποιη-
to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

D ij.

Colin

Aprill.

Colin thou kenst knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The VVidowes] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowne, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle ywoman of no meane house, nor endued with anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitye for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his darling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the vorthye Poete Stefichorus hys Idole: Vpon vyhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheedic hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne] a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in common custome of speech for sprenne.

Dight] adorned. **Laye]** a songe. as Roundelays and Virelays
In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhath the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vvhath to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhath is most comely for the meannesse of a shepheards witte, or to conuerue, or to vtter.
And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepfold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie] is, as it were an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvhose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Bzonia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvhich spring it is sayd, that vvhien Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) strooke the ground with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprang a well of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, vvhich fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus *ἄργυρον μέλος.*

Syrinx] is the name of a Nympe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying fro him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynins were wont to iudge of all Kinges and

and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

*Θυμός δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέας βασιλῆας,
μηδὲ δ' ἐκ δῖος ἐστὶ φιδεῖ δὲ αὐμνίετα Ζεὺς.*

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet] he deuiseh her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and embolt.

Embellish] beautifye and set out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yfere] together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VVhite, is meant the vniung of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by vvwhose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, & almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to vvife the most verruous Princessse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesaydc, in vvhom vvvas the firste vnion of the VVhyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Musēs: to vvhome they assigne the honor of all Poetical Invention, & the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgil it is manifest, that they mystake the chying. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu. which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, vvwhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. but I holde rather vvith them, vvwhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches] be the signe of honor & victory, & therefore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

*Arbor victoriosa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

The Graces] be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth. f. Pasithea) otherwise called Charities, that is thanks. vvho the Poetes feyned to be the Goddeses of al bountie & comelines, vvwhich therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious & bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefites at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: vvwhich are three sundry Actions in liberalitie. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cesar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

Aprill.

vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanks to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaſſly] Finelye and nimbly. Soote] Sweete. Meriment] Mirth.

Beuie] A beaue of Ladyes, is ſpoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they ſay a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheafants.

Ladyes of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amongſte the Auncient Heathen, that of euery ſpring and fountaine vvas a goddeſſe the Soueraigne. VVhiche opinion ſtucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares ſithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, ſuch as were the Authours of King Arthure the great and ſuch like, who tell many an vnlaſtfull leaſing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke ſignifieth VVell water, or otherwiſe a Spouſe or Bryde.

Redight] called or named.

Cloris] the name of a Nymph, and ſignifieth greenefſe, of yvhome is ſayd, that Zephyrus the VVeſterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyſe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chieſedome and ſoueraignty of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas wont to be the enſigne of Peace and quietneſſe, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and ſo carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they ſay, vwill not growe neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vved moſt for ſpeares and other inſtruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned, that vvhene Neptune and Minertia ſtroue for the naming of the cite of Athens, Neptune ſtriking the ground with his mace, cauſed a horſe to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Minervaes ſtroke ſprong out an Olive, to note that it ſhould be a nurſe of learning, and ſuch peaceable ſtudies.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to ſhepheardes ſimplicitye.

Bring] all theſe be names of flowres. Sops in vvine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in ſmel and quantity. Flowre delice, that which they uſe to miſterme, Flowre de lree, being in Latine called Flos deliciarum.

A Bellibont] or a Bonibull, homely ſpoken for a fayre mayde or Bonillaſſe.

Forſvortck and forſwate] overlaboured and ſunneburnt.

I ſay Phæbus] the ſunne. A ſenſible Narration, & preſent view of the thing mentioned, which they call *metaphora*.

Cynthia] the Moone ſo called of Cynthus a hyll, vvhere ſhe was honoured.

Latoaes ſeede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vvhen as Niobe the wiſe of Amphion ſcorned, in reſpect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely her ſeuenty ſonnes, and ſo many daughters, Latona being therewith diſpleaſed, commaunded her ſonne Phoebus to ſlea all the ſonnes, and Diana all the daughters: vvhere at the vnfortunate Niobe being ſore diſmayed, and lamenting out of meaſure, vvas feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a ſtone vpon the ſepulchre of her children. for which cauſe the ſhepheard ſayth, he vwill not compare her to them, for feare of like myſfortune.

Now riſe] is the concluſion. For hauing ſo decked her vvith prayſes and compariſons, he
returne

Aprill.

fol. 16

returneth all the thanck of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.
When Damsins] A base revvard of a clovvnish giuer.
Yblent] Y, is a poeticall addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenessse of his imagination, bruste th out in great admiration, (O quam te memore virgo) being otherwise vnhabie, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vvorthinessse of his conceipt. Vvhom Thenot answereth vvith another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is nowvhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced; O dea certe.

Maye.



Ægloga Quinta

ARGVMENT.

In this firste Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Palinode, he represented two formes of pastoures, or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to mainteine any fellowship, or giue too much credit to their couenable

Maye.

*lourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such
a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.*

Palinode.

Piers,

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads mas ken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Vlike as others, gire in gadopy greene?
Our bloncket liuerpes bene all so sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce the ground with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with blooming Buds.
Voughtes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may buskets and smelling briers:
And home they hasten the postes to night,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreame.

PIERS.

For Wounkers Palinode such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this moztowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a hole of shepheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Besoze them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Hoyme pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their muscalle:
And home they byngen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Floza, on whom did attend
A saype flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their Maybush beare)
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse tuly I pittie.
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepheards for the Devils stedde.
That playen, while their flockes be vnstedde.
Well is it seene, they sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone,
But they bene hyed for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,
When gread Pan account of shepherdes shall as-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest comedele their delght.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fondly pittied:
And yet if neede were, pittied would be,
Rather, then other should scozne at me:
For pittied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scozned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulde shepheards other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygor,

E. I.

They

Maye.

They sleepe in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a woordes childe:
Who touches *Pitch* mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as *Algrind* vsed to say,)
Mought not liue plike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But sheheard must walke another way,
Sike wordly souenance he must forsay.
The soune of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood:
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
But thzough this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong theuisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floodes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the *Apes* folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling;
So often times, when as good is meant,
Guil ensuereth of wrong entent.

The time was ouce, and may againe retorne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
 When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
 He of land, nor fee in sufferance:
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well thus was it with shepheards thoe:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
 And little them serued for their maintenaunce.
 The shepheards God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprouided,
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
 And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
 That nource of vice, this of inslencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obeylaunce,
 Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a lost,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, sometime
 There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,
 That now will be quit with baste, nor hozowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outragious.
 Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbear, but haue it they must:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Mancing reuenge, is hard to assuage:
 And who can counsell a christie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offered bowle?

Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weicht,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shouldest shepheardes liue, if not so?
What? should they pynen in payne and woe,
May sayd I thereto, by my deare boxtowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorowe.

Sorowe ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillite,
Then we freely our felicitie.
For when appoche the stormie stormes,
We mought with our shouldeers beare of the sharpe howres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world before,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So contek soone by conoord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forlake.
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had leue my foe, then my freend he be.
For what conoord han light and darke lam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe.
Such faicoys, when their falsse harts bene hidde.
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now Piers, of felowship, tell us that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

Piers

PIERS.

Thlike same Kinde (as I can well deuise)
 Was too very foolishly and unwise.
 For on a tyme in Sommer season,
 The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
 Wode forth abysade vnto the greene wood,
 To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good.
 But for she had a motherly care
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
 Shee set her youngling before her knee,
 That was both fresh and louely to see,
 And full of fauour, as kinde mought her
 His Veller head began to shoothe out,
 And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
 The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
 And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.
 My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weep:
 For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
 God blesse thee poore Dypheane, as he mought me,
 And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
 Thy father (that word she spake with payne:
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
 Thy father, had he liued this day,
 To see the braunche of his body displate,
 How would he haue toyed at this sweete sight:
 But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
 And cutte of hys dayes with untimely woe,
 Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
 Now I a wayfull widowe behight,
 Of my old age haue this one delight,
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
 And flourish in flowres of lusty head.
 For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
 And so his hauty hornes did he welo.
 Tho marking him with melting eyes,
 A chilling chobbe from her hart did aryse,
 And interrupted all her othe speache,

Maye.

With some old sorowe, that made a newe breach:
Seemed thee saue in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace,
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gau his newe budded beard to stroke
 Kiddie (quoth thee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wold beastes liggén in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the ffeie, maister of collusion:
For he has boued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the pate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of doze,
And chaunst to stamble at the threshold floze:
Her stombling steppé some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)
Put forth thee yode thereat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after thee was gone,
But the false fore came to the doze anone:
Not as a fore, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trulle of tryffes at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a fore payne.
His hinder heele was wryapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groined, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,
That some good body woulde once pittie mee.

Well heard Kiddle at this soze constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
Peuelie he peeped out through a chynck:
Yet not so peauilie, but the Fore him spyed:
For deceifull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Iesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And keepe your corpe from the carefull stounde,
That in my carrion carcas abounde.

The Kide piciping hys heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who. and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of deare,
But I be relieved by your beauly head.

I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:
For with long traueile I am byent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandfere me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you :

So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kindred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while kiddle vnwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the setwell.
Tho opened he the doze, and in came
The false Fore, as he were starke lame.
His taylor he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be defcried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kide made him good glee,
All for the lone of the glasse he did see.

Maye.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bal-ket for the Kilde to spnd.
Which when the Kilde scooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his bal-ket did latch,
He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kilde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the floze she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a prile.
What helpe? her Kilde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kilde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicities:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such fallers freendship bene sayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wite,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale bozowe
For our sir Iohn, to say to moztowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their falshode moze could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth npe,
I hold it best for vs, home to hpe.

Palino-

May.

caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaurata libido
 „ Haulit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relictæ.

vvhich may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I ate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:
 „ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, vvhich though much more vvisedome bewraith, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?
 „ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,
 „ And Maulde my wife, that vvas ful deare,
 „ VVe liued together lxx. yeare.
 „ That vve spent, vve had:
 „ That vve gaue, vve haue:
 „ That vve lefte, vve lost.

Algim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Etiauner) least that. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreaunce) despaire or misbeliefe.

Cheuisaunce) Sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaue: sometime of other for spoyle, or boote, or enterprise, and sometime for chieftome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for G O D himselfe vvas their inheritaunce

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a vyde gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderaunce of the Church) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, in deede feede of theyr sheepe

Sourfe) vvellspring and originall. Borrowe) pledge or suretie.

The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas, vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming perceith the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrey. (of vvhome may bee, that that hil had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned, that he sustented the firmament on his shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

VVarke) vvorke: Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borrow) that is our sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

VVyren) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Contect) strife contention.

Hur) theyr, as vseth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be ynderstoode the simple sorte of the saythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie vwith carefull vwatchewords (as heere doth the gote) vwarned his little ones, to beware of such doubting deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vyhom is no credite to be giuen, nor felowshippe to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd She set) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kinde.

And with) A very Poeticall *metaphor*.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor and gouernour.

That vword) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a piercing sighe, Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion). Coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & crafty

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his dangerous dreame (vvhiche vvas a shrevvde prophetic of his mishap, that folowed) it is layd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled vvise or thrise by the vvay: vvhich of some, that ryding vwith hym in his company, were priue to his neere destenie, vvas secretly marked, and aftervvard noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensued. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was with in tvo hovvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. f. Idoles: and glassees. f. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarye sufferance as a vvotke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Srvete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hple. VVhose diminutive is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stoundes) fittes: afforesayde.

His lere) his lesson.

Medled) mingled.

Bestthead.) agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe.) of kynne

Nevvell) a newe thing.

To forestall) to prauent.

Glee] chere, afforesayde.

Deare price.) his lyfe, vvhich he lost for those toyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vvarne the protestaunt beware, howe he geueth credit to the vnfaythfull

May.

Catholique: whereof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all, practised of Late yeares in France by Charles the ninth.

Payne) gladd or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn) a Popishe priest, A saying fit for the grossenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte vnclearned Priests.

Dismount) descende or set.

Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that vvhoe doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falschod breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nolesse guile to lurke in others, then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth vvhith another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythlesse. For if fayth be the ground of religion, vvhich fayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

June.



Ægloga sexta.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his loue. For being (as is a foresaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Rosalind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaitfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll

June.

fol. 23

HOBBINOL.

COLIN Clout.



O Collin, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath weandry wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, no worke delpte:
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:

The grassye ground with daintye Daplies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
To the waters fall thet tikes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych Adam lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withoute dreade of Moleues to bene lost:
Thy louely lapes here mayst thou freely bosse.
But I unhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shouer my lucklesse pace.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holypush, nor here, nor winding witche:
And to the dales reioye, where shipheards ritch,
And fructfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Were no night Rauene lodge more black then pitche,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gasty owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
With sylfiers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick, for their moze delight:
And Pan himselfe to kisse thet chrystall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and courie of carelesse peeres

f. 3

Dis

L

June.

2

Die let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did Ioy amongst my peeres:
But rpper age such pleasures doth reppoue,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayd steps, for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboute)
And draweth newe delights with hoary heares.

Tho couch I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verles made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Gylonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but peeres moze rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Thole weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelays,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I moze delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower syng
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
D; hold they; peace, for shame of thy swete lapes.

I sawe *Calliope* wpyth *Muses* moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to soun,
They; yuoz; *Lutes* and *Camburins* forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill dost shoue,
They d;ewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of *Muses* *Hobbinol*, I coume no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hygheit Ioue,
And holden scozne of homely shepheards quill.

For

For sith I heard, that Pan with Phebus strone,
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
 I neuer lyst presume to Parnasse hyl,
 But ypping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
 I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame
 He strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
 With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:
 But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best,
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rubely drest:
 The fyttter thep, my carefull case to frame:
 Enough is me to paint out my vncett,
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tityrus is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
 He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
 Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
 Well couth he wayle his woes, and lightly flake
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,
 And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
 (O why should death on hym such outrage shewe?)
 And all his passing skil with him is fledde,
 The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.
 But if on me some little drops would flowe,
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
 I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
 And teache the trees, thei trickeing teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discourtelee,
 As messengers of all my painfull plight,
 Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
 And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
 As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

June.

And thou Menastras, that by trecherie
Didoſt vnderſong my laſſe, to weye ſo light,
Shouldeſt well be knowne for ſuch thy villanie.

But ſince I am not, as I wiſh I were,
Ye gentle ſhepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Beare witneſſe all of thys ſo wicked deede:
And tell the laſſe, whoſe flowre is more a weede,
And faultleſſe fayth, is turned to faithleſſe ſere;
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepheards hart made bleede,
That lyes on earth, and loued her moſt dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull Colin, I lament thy caſe,
Thy teares would make the hardeſt ſtint to flowe,
Ah faithleſſe Roſalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I geſſe, homeward to goe:
Then ryſe ye bleſſed flocks, and home apace,
Leaſt night with ſtealing ſteppes do: you forſloe,
And wet, your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.



GLOSSE.

Syte) ſituation and place.

Paradiſe) A Paradiſe in Greeke ſigniſieth a Garden of pleaſure, or place of delights. So he compareth the ſoile, vvherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradiſe, in ſcripture called Eden; vvherein Adam in his firſt creation vvvas placed. VVhich of the moſt learned is thought to be in Meſopotamia; the moſt fertile and pleaſaunte country in the vvorld (as may appeare by Diodoruſ-Syculus de ſcription of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conqueſt thereof.) Lying betwene the two famous Ryuers (which are ſayd in ſcripture to flowe out of Paradiſe) Tygris and Euphrates, vvhereof it is ſo denominatē:

Forſake the ſoyle) This is no poetical fiction; but vvneynedly ſpoken of the Poete ſelfe, who for ſpeciall occaſion, of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himſelfe informed)

informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrie, where he dwelt. Nis) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, where he nowe abydeth, which thoughte they be full of hylles and wodes (for Kent is very hylle and woodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth wodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrie.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (Whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elves oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauith shauelings so feigned; which as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nouse the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme stricke out the vnt ruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time were frowarde and vvanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came.

Which words now come from them (as many thinges els) be come into our vsage; and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elves & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchme vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Talbot, afterward Erie of Shrevvbury; whose noblesse bred such a verroure in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies were defaicted & put to flyght at the onely heaung of his name. In somuch that the French wemen, to affray theyr chyldren, woulde tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the utmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Hectors eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, this same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Haydeguyes) A country daunce or rovvnd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moone light. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres] Equalles and felow shepheards. Quene apples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse. Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of water, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afforesayde.

This staffe is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phæbus) the tale is well knownt, howe that Pan and Apollo strutting for excellencie

June.

cellencye in musicke,chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth
partiall affection,gauē the victorie to Pan vnderferued:for vvhich Phœbus sette
a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer,hath bene already sufficiently sayde,& by
thys more playne appeareth,that he sayth,he tolde merye tales.Such as be hys
Canterburie tales.vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so
as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Detum vitæ suæ .i. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie.

O vvhy] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie) he meaneth the fallenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde
chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne
and secrete,agaynst vvhome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderferge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember,that in the fyrst Æglogue,Colins Poesie vvas Anchora speme : for that
as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme.But novve being cleane
sorlorne and reiected of her,as whose hope,that was,is cleane extinguished and
turned into despayre , he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to
come.vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.





Ægloga septima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherdes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

IS not thiske same a gotteheard pꝛowde,
that sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shꝛowde
among the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iollye shepheards swayne,
come by the hyl to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should clyme,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is ryse, that ostentime
Great clymbers fall vnsloft.

July.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall thzough heedlesse haſt,
yet is his miſſe not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fyriefooted teme,
Makynge his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he faſt,
with Dogge of noyſome breath,
Whoſe balefull barking bringes in haſt
pyne, plagues, and deerey death.
Agaynſt his cruell ſcorching heare
where haſt thou couerture?
The waſtefull hyls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee luſt, to holde what
with ſeely ſhepherds ſwayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomakin can ſayne.

Morrell.

Spyker, thouſ but a laeſie looꝝd,
and rekes much of chy ſwinck,
That with ſond termes, and meetleſſe wordes
to blere myne eyes doeſt thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For ſacred vnto ſaints they ſtand,
and of them haue they name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Weſterne coſtes
And of S. Brigets bowꝝe I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaſte:
And they charcon of Gules ſkill,
ſayne moſt what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beſide a learned well.

And

And wonned not the great God Pan,
vpon mount *Oliuet*:

Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
which dyd himselfe beget:

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from *Wolues*, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Beside, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllye place,
Where *Titan* ryseth from the mayne,
to renne hys dayly race.
Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where *Phoebe* layed,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his folp one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And litchens shepheardes bene foresayd
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee moze,
And of our *Ladies* bowze:
But litile needes to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faune* & resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt *Medway* his course,
wherein the *Nymphes* doe bathe.
The salt *Medway*, that trickling stremis
adowne the dales of *Kent*:

Iulye.

Till with his elder brother Themis
His backish waues he meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* every where,
and *Teribintb* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr thzotes.
Here to, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls byneth.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a letwde lozell,
of H:auen to demer so:
How be I am but rude and bozell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God moze farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that strives to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd proude that sitting hye,
upon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should pede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be gluttet.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adoze:
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
Which han be dead of poze.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyr good is with them goe:

Theyr

Theyr sample onely to vs lent,
 That als we mought doe lde.
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and liued in lowlye leas:
 And sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
 why done we them discase?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 and liued with little gayner
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 simple, as simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 the flocke, which he did keepe.
 Often he vled of hys keepe
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
 the Altars hallowing.
 So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
 such sauour couth he fynd,
 That sithens neuer was abhord,
 the simple shepheards kynd.
 And such I weene the bryethen were,
 that came from Canaan:
 The bryethen twelue, that kept yfere
 the flockes of mighty Pan.
 But nothing such thilk shephearde was,
 whom I da hyll dyd beare,
 That lefe hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
 whose loue he bought to deare:
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,
 (no such mought shepheards bee)
 And with lewde lust was ouerlapyd:
 tway thyngs doen ill agree:
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 well eyed, as Argus was,

Iulye.

With fleshy follies vndepled,
and stoute as Steele of brasse.
Like one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Christfall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote
Whilome & these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly more,
such simpleste mought them shend:
They bene pclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blis,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Pyrrt with beltes of glitterand gold.
(mought they good sheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seene.
For Palinode (if thou hnn ken)
pode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome; (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For sheepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done othe where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O feely sheepe the while)
The corne is theyr, let other thers,
their hands they may not file.

They

They han great stoxes, and thurstye flockes,
 great freendes and feeble foes:
 What neede hem caren for their flockes?
 they? boyes can looke to those.
 These wisards weltre in welthys waues,
 pampyed in pleasures deepe,
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fasting flockes to keepe.
 Like mister men bene all misgone,
 they heapen hylles of wyath:
 Like sylly shepheards han we none,
 they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling,
 Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
 harme may come of melling.
 Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
 to wyren shepheards welth:
 When folke bene fat, and riches ranche,
 it is a signe of helth.
 But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
 that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath bene long ypent.
 One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
 (as now thou wouldest me:
 But I am taught by *Algrins* ill,
 to loue the lowe degree.)
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An Eagle sozed hys,
 That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
 a shell fisch downe let slye:
 She weend the shell fische to haue broake,
 but therewith bryd his bryane,
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 belyes in lingsing payne.

W

Morrell.

Iulye.

Morrell.

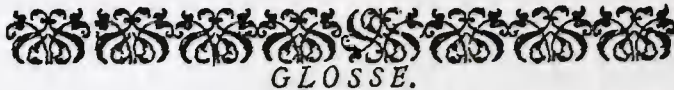
Oh good *Algrin*, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farewell shepheard, such thyss hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo fœlicitas.



GLOSSE.

A Gotcheard] By Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhoſe paſtour alſo muſt needes be ſuch:

Banck] is the ſeate of honor. **Straying heard]** which wander out of the waye of truth. **Als]** for alſo. **Clymbe]** ſpoken of Ambition. **Great clymbers]** according to Seneca his verſe, *Decidunt celsa grauiore lapſus.* **Mickle]** much.

The ſonne] A reaſon, why he reſuſeth to dwell on Mountaines; becauſe there is no ſhel- ter againſt the ſcorching ſunne. according to the time of the yeare, vvhi- che is the vvholeſt moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe] Be tvvo ſignes in the Firmament, through vvhi- ch the ſonne maketh his courſe in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion] Thys is Poetically ſpoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion. vvith one Dogge. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the ſonne is in Leo At vvhi- ch tyme the Dogge ſtarre, vvhi- ch is called Syrius or Canicula reigne th, vvith immoderate heate cauſing Peſtilence, droughth, and many diſeaſes.

Ouerture] an open place. The vvord is borrowd of the French, & vſed in good writers To holden chatt) to talke and prate,

A loorde] vvvas vvont among the old Britons to ſignifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vſurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvcre called for more dread and dignitie, *Lurdanes*. I. Lord Danes. At vvhi- ch time it is ſayd, that the inſolencie and pryde of that nation vvvas ſo outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and ſawe the Dane ſet foote vpon the ſame, he muſte retorne back, till the Dane vvcre cleane ouer, or els a- byde the pryce of his diſpleaſure, vvhi- ch vvvas no leſſe, then preſent death. But be- ing aftervvarde expelled that name of *Lurdane* became ſo odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppreſſed, that euen at this daye they vſe for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer *Lurdane*.

Reck] much of thy ſwinck) counts much of thy paynes. **VVetteleſſe]** not vnderſtoode.

S. Michels

S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the VWest part of England.

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen

VWhere Titan) the Sonne. VWhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich tovvard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan :

The Shepheard] is Endymion, vvhom the Poets sayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phcebe, f. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, vvhether through error of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarred & shutte out from thence.

Synab) a hill in Arabia, vvhether God appeared.

Our Ladyes bovvre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoode.

Medway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt] mingled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

τερμινθον τερεβινθον λεγεται ανθισμονα.

Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simplenesse, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuin] Lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell] A losell. A borrell] a playne fellowe. Narre] nearer.

Hale] for hole. Yede] goe.

Frovyve] mustye or mossie.

Of yore] long agoe.

Foreyvente] gone afore.

The firste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe] hys charge f. his flocke.

Lovvted] did honour and reuerence.

The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhych vvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lye thereupon.

VVhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, vvhich being vvith child of hym, dreamed shee brought forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; vvhether being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to knowvledge of his parentage.

A lasse] Helena the vyffe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon vvith a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which vvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the most famous citye

Fulye.

of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus] was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cōv Io: So called because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shepheard sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meane nesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple] Spoken of the Popes and Cardinales, which vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering, a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vvhom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode) A shepheard, of vvhose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

VVifards) greate learned heads. **VVelter)** wallouye. **Kerne)** a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men. **Sturly)** stately and proude **Melling)** medling.

Bett) better.

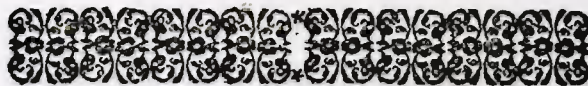
Bynempre) named.

Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a shepheard afore sayde, vvhose myshap he alludeth to the chance, that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that vvas brayned with a shellfish.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued, for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lovvly state, as that wherein is safetie vwithout feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the midst, being enuironed vwith two contrary vices: vvherto Montell replieth vwith continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitie out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again vwith lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus allissimus.





Ægloga octaua.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin be sayth was Authour.

VVillye. Perigot. Cuddie.

Tell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagppes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benoind with ache?

Perigot.

Ah Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well ayayde?

VVillye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the lolly shepheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, dost passe the rest.

H.3.

Perigot

August.

Perigot.

Oh willye now I haue learnd a netwe dautnce:
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Mischiefe mought to that netwe mischaunce befall,
That so hath rast vs of our meriment.
But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall?
O louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I payne for payne, and they my payne to see.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawayenill may they thriue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight,
But and if in ryues with me thou dare striue,
Such fond families shall soone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though mocheill worse I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

VVillye.

Then loe Perigot the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ybrought of the Mayle warre:
Wherein is enchaled many a fayre sight
Of Veres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Vuie-twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Molues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepehookke hath him slapne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne ponder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him by without the Dambe.
But Colin Clout raste me of his brother,

That

August.

fol. 32

That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Soze against my will was I forst to yeld.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall ponder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pouste hetherward doth post.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,
Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed Willy: then sitte thee downe swayne:
Like a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:
Like a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.



I tell vpon a holly eue,
hey ho hollidape,
When holly fathers went to shrieue:
now gynne this roundelay.
Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
hey ho the high hyl,

The while my flocke did feede thereby,
the while the shepheard selfe did spill;
I saw the bounding Bellibone,
hey ho Bonibell,
Tripping ouer the dale alone,
she can trippe it very well:
Well decked in a frocke of gray,
hey ho gray is greete,
And in a kirtle of greene saye,
the greene is for maydens meete:
A chapelet on her head she wore,
hey ho chapelet,
Of sweete Violets therein was stowe,
the sweeter then the Violet.

August.

Per.	My theape did leaue theyr wonted food,
Wil.	hey ho seely Sheepe,
Per.	And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil.	Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per.	As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil.	hey ho bonilasse,
Per.	She rouded at me with glauncing eye,
Wil.	as cleare as the christall glasse:
Per.	Alas the Sunnys beame so bright,
Wil.	hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per.	Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Wil.	so loue into my hart did streame:
Per.	Or as the thonder cleaueth the cloudes,
Wil.	hey ho the Thonder,
Per.	Wherein the lightfome leuin shroudes,
Wil.	so cleaueth thy soule a sonder:
Per.	Or as Dame Cynthia siluer rape
Wil.	hey ho the Moone light,
Per.	Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil.	such play is a pittious plight.
Per.	The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil.	hey ho the glyder,
Per.	Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil.	such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per.	Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil.	hey ho Perigot,
Per.	I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil.	it was a desperate shot.
Per.	There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil.	hey ho the arrowe,
Per.	Ne can I find salue for my soze:
Wil.	loue is a carelesse sorowe.
Per.	And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil.	hey ho heauie cheere,
Per.	Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil.	so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynfull loue I pyne,
 Wil. hep ho pinching payne,
 Per. Or thine in welth, the shalbe mine.
 Wil. but if thou can her obtaine.
 Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
 Wil. hep ho gracelesse grieve,
 Per. Witnesse, thee slewe me with her eye:
 Wil. let thy follye be the priefe,
 Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 Wil. hep ho the fayre flocke,
 Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weep,
 Wil. and none with many a mocke.
 Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
 Wil. hep ho holidaye,
 Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
 Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddye,

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard I none.
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best.
 And Willye is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vnderlongs well addrest.

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
 Arcede vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Fapth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
 For thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:
 And for Perigot so well hath hym payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
 He can Willye wite the witelesse herdgroome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
 The shepheard of I da, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse

A.

Of

August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde :
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Vvilly.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be
In Colins stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseeth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.



Y^e wastefull woodes beare witnessse of my woe,
Wherē my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lvsd me out a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte
Resort of people doth my griefs augment, (augment.
The walled towncs do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylesfull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let firemes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, boyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild wooddes my sorowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so wait, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In galefull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restless woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Is lighe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

Post

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your yrkome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
 I bowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
 She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
 The memory of hys misdeede, that byed her woe:
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
 Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioye,
 How I admire ech turning of chy verse:
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liefest boye,
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at homes
 The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

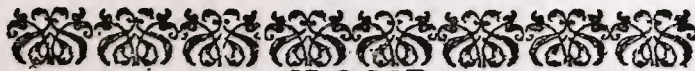
Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chy puo.



GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
 Raste) bereft, depriued.

Peregall) equall.
 Mis) vent) gon a straye.
 I. 2.

VVhilome) once.
 Ill may) according
 to

August.

to Virgile.

In felix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions euery vvhether vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede he by that name termeth his *Æglogues*: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvhether of his booke is full. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but *Hædilia*, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vtought betwene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme. **Pouffe.)** Pease.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvhō VVilly answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot vvhō is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, vvhō is supposed, his love deierueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. **Chaplet)** a kind of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning. **Cynthia)** vvas sayd to be the Moone. **Gryde)** perced.

But if) not vnlesse. **Squint eye)** partiall iudgement. **Ech haue)** so saith Virgile. Et virgula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaserh both partes.

Dooome) iudgement. **Dempt)** for deemed, iudged. **VVite the vvitelesse)** blame the blamelesse. The shepherd of Ida, vvas sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beaue

Embleme.

The meaning hercof is very ambiguous, for Perigot by his poeie claming the cōquest, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chalenge it, as his devv, saying, that he, is happy vvhich can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvin the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.





Ægloga Nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Daue is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrie. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbins demand, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinsol.

Diggon Daue.



Diggon Daue, I bidde her god day:
Or Diggon her is, or I mistake.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night hath.

Hobbinsoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?
Neuer I wist thee in so pooze a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred? or at mischiese dead?

Diggon

September.

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leese,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefe:
Slike question ripeth by cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnsolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

May, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faine, the cloudes wexen cleare,
And nowe lithence I sawe thy head last,
Thise thee Moones bene fully spent and past:
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene waited, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe noz tollye, noz shephearde moze.
In forein costes, men sayd, was plentye:
And so there is, but all of miserie.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countreyes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for those, that cruely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countreye, as there to remaine.
They sett to sale their shoppes of shame,
And maken a Part of theyr good, name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And laven baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And

September.

fol. 36

And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any moze:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lozne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome bld to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Dost liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With vayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

I.4.

September.

I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing lich.
For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the more bene fraught with fraud and spight,
He in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of contek and pre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare undersaye,
They neuer sette foote in th at same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem therfore, what they han paund.
Harrie that great Pan bought with deare bozrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowze of sorowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
For they woulde drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han bzewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their saye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wout,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.
Some sicke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)

That

That like mischief graſeth hem among,
 All for they caſten too much of worlde care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
 For ſuch encheaſon, If you goe nye,
 Fewe chymneis reeking you ſhall eſpye
 The fatte Dre, that wont ligge in the ſtal,
 Is nowe faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
 Thus chatten the people in theyr ſteads,
 Like as a Monſter of many heads.
 But they that ſhooten neereſt the pycke,
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
 For bigge Bulles of Baſan brace hem about,
 That with theyr hornes butten the moze ſtoute:
 But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote.
 And to ſeek redreſſe mought little boote:
 For liker bene they to pluck away moze,
 Then ought of the gotten good to reſtoze.
 For they bene like foule wagmoires euer graſt,
 That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,
 The moze to wind it out thou doeſt ſwinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.
 Yet better leaue of with a little loſſe,
 Then by much wreſtling to leaſe the groſſe.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeaketh to plainer
 Better it were, a little to ſeyne,
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured,
 Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured
 But of like paſſoures howe done the ſlocks creepe?

Diggon.

Like as the ſhepheards, like bene her ſheepe,
 For they will liſten to the ſhepheards voyce,
 But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
 They wander at wil, and ſtray at pleaſure,
 And to theyr foldes yeeld at their owne leaſure.
 But they had be better come at their call;
 For many han into miſchiefe fall,

R.

And

September.

And bene of ravenous *Woolues* prey,
All for they nort be burdme and bent.

Hobbinoll.

I fe on thee *Diggon*, and all thy foule lealing,
Well is knowe that lich the *Saxon* king,
Neuer was *Woolfe* seene many nor some,
Nor in all *Kent*, nor in *Chisleu*dome:
But the fewer *Woolues* (the fash is sayne,)
The more bene the *Forcs* that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely pralling two and thre,
Enaunter they mought be indy knowe.

Hobbinoll.

O priue or pertyf any bene,
We han great *Houndys* will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeeðe thy hall is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thoyr furre.
But not good *Dogges* hem needeth to chace,
But heedye shepheards to discerne thei; face.
For all their craft is in their countenance,
The bene so graue and full of inapertenance.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to *Roffyn* not long ygoe

Hobbinoll.

Say it out *Diggon*, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meke, wise, and mercfable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe hope,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards lich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefull y they; flocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Think same shepheard mought I well marke:
 He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurte,
 That waketh, and if but a lease sturte.
 Whilome there wooned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulse.
 And euer at night went to repayre
 Vnto the flocke, when the Metkin shone faire,
 Wcladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man bled to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had eft learned a curre's call.)
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wait.
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he bled this slippery pranch,
 Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck
 At end the shepheard his practise spied,
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Wolfe in his counterfett cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Harry Diggon, what should him asraye,
 To take his owne where euer it laye?
 For had his weland bene a little wider,
 He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse

K. 2.

For

September.

For it was a perillous beaft aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the voye,
And ranne out, as he was wont of voye.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had he slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr belive.
If like bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
For fallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer ligger in watch and ward,
From saddein force they? flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such miserec?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Wought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhale.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll

September.

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Hobbinoll.

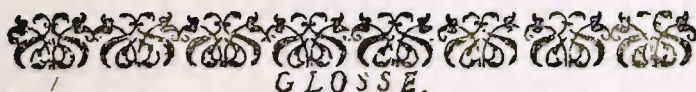
Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
Nethelisse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaille.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can: I wil thee comforte:
There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,
Till fayer Fortune shewe forth her head.

Diggon.

Oh Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such frends did euer liue.

Diggon's Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.



GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrasē of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, vvhio being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in foraine countreyes, and there seene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhcreof cometh beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. i. to saye his prayers.

VVighly) quicklye, or sodenlye. Chaffred) solde. Dead at mischief) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Loefe) deare. Etke) easie. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) or traueled.

VVae) vvoe Northernly. Eked) encreased. Caruen) cutte. Kenne) know.

Cragge) neck. State) stoutely Stanck) vveane or fainte.

And norve) He applyeth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of harvest, which they call the fall of the lease: at vvhich tyme the VVesterne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) lesse Spote) svvete.

Vncowthe) vnknowne. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterpryse. Per Syncopen. Conste) strife.

Trode) path. Marne that) that is, their soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practises they damne to hell.

Blacke

September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Mifter) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVare) vorse.
 Crummall) purse. Brace compasse. Eneheson) occasion. Ouergrast) ouergrowe
 with grasse. Galage) shoe. The grosse) the whole.

Buxome and bent) mecke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.

vvhich king caused all the VVolues, vvhence of then vvas store in thys countrey,
 by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that tyme, there haue ben
 VVolues here founde, vnlesse they were brought from other countreyes. And
 therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be VVolues in
 England.

Nor in Chriftendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indeede
 it vvas wont to be an olde proverbe and comen phrase. The original vvhence
 of vvas, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvas
 christened, Kent onely except, vvhich remayned long after in myf belefe and
 vnchristened, So that Kent vvas counted no part of Chriftendome.

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iustice. Enaunter) least that.

Inly) inwardly. afforesayde. Preuely or perr) openly sayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a shephearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge.

vvhome he here commendeth for greate care and vwise gouernance of his flock

Colin cloute) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Au-
 thour selfe. vvhose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly
 Mayster Gabriel Haruey of vvhose speciall commendation, as vvell in Poetrie
 as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we haue lately had a sufficient try-
 all in diuerse his vvoikes, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymæ, and his late
 Gratulationū Valdinen sum vvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex,
 he dedicated in vwriting to her Maiestie. after vvhich presenting the same in print
 vnto her Highnesse at the vvorshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside
 other his sundrye most rare and very notable vwrtings, partly vnder vknown
 Tyles, and partly vnder couerit sayt names, as hys Tyrannomastix, his Ode
 Natalina, his Rameidos, and especially that parte of Philomusus, his diuine
 Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of
 other shepheardes, he couereth the perions of diuers other his familiar frendes
 and best acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But vvhath, I certein
 lye know not. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) I kie. afforesaid.

A VVeanel) vvasse) a weaned youngling. Hidder and shidder) He & she. Male
 and Female. Streuen) Noyse. Belieue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verse
 translated. Quod caret æterna requie, durable non est.

Forechale) dravve or distresse. Vetchie) of Pease stravve.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For vvhhen the foolish boye by beholding hys
 face in the brooke, fell in loue vvhith his owne likenesse: and not hable to con-
 tent him selfe vvhith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plenty made him
 poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him offence. But our Diggon v-
 seth it to other purpose, as vvhho that by tryall of many vwayes had founde the
 worst,

September.

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vvorst, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poeie I knowe, so haue bene much vied of the author, and to suche like effecte, as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

October.



Aegloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whisbe finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular account & honor, & being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *isbunaquid* and celestiall inspiration, as the Auther heretofels where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete. which booke bring lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduiseement to publish.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

Cuddie, for shame hold vp thy heauye head,
And let vs call with what delight to chace:
H.4.

And

October.

And weary thys long lingring *Phæbus* race.
Whi lome thou wont the shepheards laddes so lade,
In rymes, in riddles, and in hydding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead!

Cuddie.

Piers, I haue pyped itt so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wozen
And my pooze *Pulse* hath spent her spared woze,
Pet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the *Grashopper* so pooze,
And ligge so layd, when *Winter* doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede yowthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender pryse.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good there of to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the pryce,
The glory eke much greater then the gaynes
O what an honoz is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
O prycke them forth with pleasaunce of thy balne,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gyast to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
As the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowze with outen leauer
His musicks might the hellish hound woe tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the *Peacocks* spotted traine,
And wondzen at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?
O feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Like prayse is smoke, that sheweth in the smoke,
 Like words bene wynd, and wassen soone in vapour.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,
 Lyst by thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
 Turne thee to thole, that weld the awful crowne.
 To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
 And helmes unbuzed wepen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
 And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
 Whither thou list in sayre *Elisa* rest,
 Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advauunce the worthy whome thee loueth best,
 That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger sounds,
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
 Of loue and lustthead tho mayst thou sing,
 And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
 All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
 So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddye.

Indeepe the Romish *Tityrus* I heare,
 Through his *Mecenas* lest his Datten reede,
 Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
 And laboured lands to yeld the timely eare,
 And est did sing of warres and deadly drede,
 So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,
 And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
 And all the worthies ligger wapt in leade,
 That matter made for Poets on to play:
 For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,
 The lastie verse of hem was loued aye.

L.

October.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The haunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in pzeace among the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poetrie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be soft to sayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudye.
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poetrie, where is then the place?
If not in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
He best of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to soze, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill beblight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers

Ah son, for loue does teach him climb so hie,
And lyftes him by out of the loathsome myze:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All othertwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

The haunted herse a vacant head demaundes.
He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thristie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchas* fruite is frend to *Phæbus* wife.
And when with Wine the hyaine begins to sweate,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rype.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distatnd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild *Vine* twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

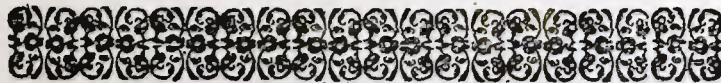
But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pires.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kilde to stoe his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calefcimus illo &c.



G L O S S E.

This *Æglogue* is made in imitation of *Theocritus* his xvi. Idilion, vvherein hee repro-
ued the Tyranne *Hiero* of *Syracuse* for his nigardise towarde *Poetes*, in whome
is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shamefull for their
naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in *Mantuan*, The style hereof as also that in
Theocritus, is more lostye then the rest, and applyed to the heigite of Poeticall
vritte.

Cuddie I doubte vvhether by *Cuddie* be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For
L. ij. in.

October.

in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantic of Collins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

VVhilome) sometime.

Oaten reedes) Aucna.

Ligge (n layde) lye so saynt and vnlustye.

Dapper) pterye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restrain.) This place seemeth to conspyre vvith Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry vvvas of very vertuous intent. For at what tyme an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegynca, vvwhich they vsed euery fyue yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable the the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it vvcre rauished, vvith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vvvas inspired from aboue, called him varem: vvwhich kinde of men after vvwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing vvith loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvcre called Poetes or makers.

Sence hereaue) vvhat the secrete vvorking of Musick is in the myndes of men, as vvell appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste vse, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd vvvas made of a certaine harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to vvhom vvhen as Tunotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he vvvas distraught vvith such vvvonted fury, that streight vvay ryng from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvwarre (for that musick is very vvwarlike.) And immediatly vvhen as the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvvas so furr from vvarring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. vvherefore Plato and Aristotile forbid the Aradian Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogether on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vvwhich vseth to burne in yong brefts. So that it is not incredible vvwhich the Poete here sayth, that Musick can hereaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of vvhom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Inno to him committed hir husband Iupiter his Paragon Iô, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury vvvyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slevv him and brought Iô away, vvwhose eyes it is sayd that Inno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundlesse armour) vvnvounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore. vvwhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovve his skill

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraign, vvhō (as before) he calleth Elifa. Or if mater of knight-hood and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayfes, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vvorthy) he meanerh (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvho by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knowvn to country clovne,

Slack) that is vvhen thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvell knowē to be Virgile, vvho by Mecenas means vvvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to vvrite in lostier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Vvhereon) in these three verses are the three seuerall vvorkes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvvars and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhood and cheualrie.

For euer) He sheweth the cause, vvhy Poetes vvvere wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor shold through theyr famous Posies be cōmended to al posterities. vvherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortal verses, vvwhich is the only aduantage, vvwhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great cōming to his tombe in Sigeus, vvith naturall teares blessed him, that euer vvvas hap to be honoured vvith so excellent a Poets work: as so renowned, and ennobled onely by hys meanes vvwhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, as vvell sheweth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvwarres against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he vvvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or other vvise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that vvvere of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhych prayse otherwise vvvas in the same man no lesse famous, that vvhen he came to ransacking of King Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvworks, as layd vp there for speciall ieuells and riches, vvwhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother euery night layde vnder his pillow.

L. 3.

Such

October.

Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men.
 vvhich this author here very well sheweth, as els vvhere more notably.
 But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of mynd.

Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.
 Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacrasmus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvhych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne breft) the meanner sort of men. Her pecced pigeons) vnperfect skil. Spoken vvith humble modestie.

As soote as Svyanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the svyanne hath euer vvonne small commendation for her svvete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the svvan a litle before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As vvell sayth the Poete els vvhere in one of his sonetts.

The silver svyanne doth sing before her dying day
 As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall mynthur) Beauty, vvhich is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarchs saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
 A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage) a base and abiect minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozeloz.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying. *vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.*

Lauish cups) Resembleth that comen verse *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.*

O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poeticall furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

VVild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Menades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with yuie.

In buskin) it was the maner of Poetes & players in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vse stockes & light shooes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. *Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nique cothurno.*

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddess of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore well be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter hir father was in traueile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hevv his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, vvhom seeing Vulcane so faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such strauugenesse is vvell applyed to her.

Equipage.) order.

Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charms vvere wont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth.

Aut si carminibus.

Embleme.

October

fol. 44

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellency of the skyll vwhereof in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

November.



Ægloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

*I*N this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnkowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Æglogues of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont songs of some iouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombzeth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through lones misgouernaunce,

L. 4.

Now

November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenance,
Among the shepheards swaines may yet remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lasse aduance,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now is the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herpe, nor with loue to playe:
Like myth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked hape.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phebus weary of his pereip taf-ke:
Pstabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken by his ynnie in Fishes haf-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth af-ke:
And loatheth like delighes, as thou doest prayse:
The moynesfull Duke in myth now list ne mas-ke,
As shee was wont in yongth and sommer daves.
But if thou algate lust light virelapes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues like Poetes prayse?
Relieve thy Daren pyres, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him lies the Titmole silent bee:
And I vnsitte to thrust in l-kilfull thronge,
Should Colin make iudge of my foolerie.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Dules well:
The kindly dewedrops from the higher tree,
And wets the litle plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Dules meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorowe and deathes decretiment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and dyent,
Dido the greate shephearde his daughter sheener

The

The sayrest May she was that euer went,
 Her like thee has not left behinde I weene.
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull tene:
 I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:
 And if thy rymes as rownd and rusfull bene,
 As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kinde of Collet, which I thee bynempt:
 Then by I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

I be not to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
 But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
 Yet as I come, my conning I will strayne.

Vp then *Melpomene* thou mournefull Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:
 Up grieueth ghostes and by my rusfull ryme,
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
 For dead thee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido my deare alas is dead,
 Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
 O heauie herse,
 Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
 O carefull herse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
 Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:
 Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pyre:
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night,
 O heauie herse,
 Breake we our pyres, that shild as lowde as Larke,
 O carefull herse.

P.

Wthp

November.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woes
The sayrest flour e our gyrlond all among,
As faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no more
The songs that Colin made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most abayle,
As vertues hyaunch and beauties budde.
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The hyaunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaille,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknelles and such country chere.
He would she scoyne the simple shepheards swaine,
For he would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als Colin cloute she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such plesaunce now displatt by dolors dine:
All Quisick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The

The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her coſe embraue.

O heauie herſe.

Morne nowe my Muſe, now morne with teares beſprynt.

O carefull verſe.

O thou greate ſhepheard Lobbin, how great is thy griefe,

Where bene the noſegayes that ſhe vight for thee:

The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiete,

The knotted ruthrings, and gikie Roſemarees:

For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah they bene all yclad in clay,

One bitter blaſt blew all away.

O heaute herſe,

Thereof nought remaines but the memorie.

O carefull verſe.

O me that deerie death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortall ſtroke,

That can vndoe Dame natures kindly courſe:

The faded lockes fall from the loſtie oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is theyr ſourſe,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr ſtead perſoule.

The mantled medowes moorne,

Theyr ſondry colours to raine.

O heaute herſe,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remorde.

O carefull verſe.

The feeble flockes in field reſuſe their former foode,

And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:

The beaſtes in forreſt wayle as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chaſe the wandring ſheep:

Now ſhe is gon that ſafely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared bryanch,

Laments the wound, that death did launch.

O heauie herſe,

And Philomela her ſong with teares doth ſteepe.

O carefull verſe.

November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girland Olive braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Nuses, that were wont greene bays to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elde braunches leare,

The satall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall chere so soone was spent.

O heane herse,

Mozne now my Muse, now mozne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swinke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I leard (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:

For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.

O heauie herse,

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreading sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and sprie furies foyle:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vn bodied of the burdenous corpe.

Why then weepes Lobbins so without remorse?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,

Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.

O happie herse,

Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorowes source,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her beight?

She raignes a goddess now among the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is entalled now in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
 Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
 O happy herse,
 Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
 But knewe we fooles; what it vs brings vntil,
 Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.
 No daunger there the shepheard can assert:
 Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
 The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
 O happy herse,
 Make hast ye shepheards, thether to requert,
 O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)
 There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
 There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
 And iopes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
 The honor now of highest gods she is,
 That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
 While here on earth she did abyde.
 O happy herse,
 Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
 O ioyfull verse.

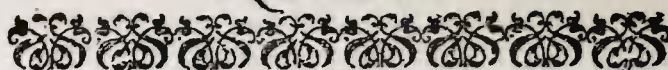
Thenor.

Ap francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meine
 With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
 Whether reioyce or weepe for great constrainte?
 Thyne be the coffette, well hast thou it gotte.
 Up *Colin* bp, ynough thou moyned hast,
 Now gynnes to mizzle, hys we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

November.



GLOSSE.

Iouisfaunce) myrth. **Souenaunce)** remembraunce. **Herie)** honoure.
VVelked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is sayde of Lidgate
to vvellk.
In lovly lay) according to the season of the moneth November, when the sonne dravv-
eth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
In fishes hafke) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all November. a hafke is
a vvicker paid, wherein they vse to cary fish.
Virelaies) a light kind of song.
Bee vvatted) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vvell Castias,
vvhereof vvvas before sufficiently sayd.
Dreeriment) dreery and heauy cheere.
The great shepheard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God
Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is vnknowen and cloisely
buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind,
as some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her also.
Shene) fayre and shuning. **May)** for mayde. **Tene)** sorrow.
Guerdon) reward. **Bynempt)** bequethed. **Cosset)** a lambe brought
vp without the dam. **Vnkempt)** Incōpeti Not comed, that is rude & vnhanfome.
Melpomene) The sadde and waylefull Muse vfed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith
Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.
Vp grieffy gosts) The maner of Tragical Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned
ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the
rest of the rest. **Herse)** is the solemne obsequie in funeralls.
VVast of) decay of so beautifull a peece. **Carke)** care.
Ah vvhy) an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. **May time** was long ago.
Flourer) a diminutine for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious comparifon **A**
minore ad maius.
Reliuen not) lue not againe .f. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their
due reward.
The braunch) He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vvcre the mayne braunch now **vv**i-
thered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.
VVith cakes) fit for shepheards bankets. **Heame)** for home. after the northerne
pronouncing. **Tuist)** deyd or stayned.
The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which vvcre the ornaments of her lyfe, are
made the honor of her funerall, as is vfed in burials.
Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, vvch seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende
of Dido. **Rushrings)** agreeable for such base gyfites
Faded lockes) dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
Sourfe) spring. **Mantled medowes)** for the sondry flowres are like a
Mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.
Philomele) the Nightingale . vvhome the Poetes saie once to haue bene a Ladye
of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters hus bande, she desired to be un-
wed

ned into a byrd of her name. vvwhose complaints be very vvell set forth of Ma. George Gaslin a wittie gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late tymers, vvho and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vvell knowven he altogither vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvrit and naturall promptuiffe appeare in hym a boundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynimms in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and properly the of all sorow and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, ughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they dravve out in length, till his fatal hoyvre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O crulleffe) a gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vvifedom and passionate wyth great affection. Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be seyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Megera, vvwhich are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischief.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell. Betight) happened,

I see) A lively Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very epresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astert) befall vnyvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvwhite like Creme, vvwhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour. Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vvith a timely haruest, vve must be gathered in tyme, or els of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death in to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is nowv made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vvvas sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

December.



Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue.(euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin.to God Pan.wherein as weary.of his former Wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time,when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His man-hood to the sommer,which he sayth,was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasfinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue,which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the frutes fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season,now drawing neare to his last ende.



The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye hysere,
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did here.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of ioue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keeper
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Doest saue from mischief the vnwary sheper:
 As of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
 Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and warde

I thee beleeche (so be thou deigne to heare,
 Rude ditties tunc to shepheards Duten reede,
 Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
 Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
 The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flownd my toyfull spring,
 Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
 For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
 I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
 Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
 And gather nuttes to make me Christmas games:
 And loyed oft to chace the trembling Pickett,
 Or hunt the hardlesse hare, till shee were tame.
 What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
 Tho seemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Dike,
 All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:
 Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
 The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
 Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
 For plike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser peares,
 (Whether the Gyle, so wrought me from my birth,
 Or I to much beleued my shepherds peres)
 Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

December.

A good olde shephearde, *Wrenock* was his name,
Hade me by arte more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer fende in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking *Nymphes* did follow *Pan*,
The wiser *Dulc*es after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
By hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill bypryde,
By freedomes lozne, my life he leste to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewell,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird by that unkindly heate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choole my wandring wape:
But whether luck and loues unbroided loze
Would leade me forth on *Fancies* bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The *Woodes* can winesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in *Wexen* frame:
The grieffie *Codestooke* growne there mought I se
And loathed *Waddocks* lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
The ghastlie *Dulle* her grieuous punne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pyper:
 Also my age now passed yongthly pyper,
 To thinges of cyper reason selfe applyed.

And leard of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheepe and me fro hante.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Bal-kets of bulrushes was my wont:
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
 Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hunt:
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 How Phoebe sayles, where Venus litted and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
 The sodain ryling of the raging seas:
 The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which be wont to tenrage the restless sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and wislesse Colin cloute,
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,
 Whose rancelling wound as yet does riselye bleede.
 Why liest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliae art founde?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
 Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was naught but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
 And promised of timely fruite such store,
 Are left both bare and barre in now at erst:
 The flattering fruite is fallen to grownd before.

December.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harvest wast, my hope away and wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
They? rootes bene dyed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my Rolind this spight
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Unto the liffing of the shepheards foote:
Sike follics nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.
The losel Lasse I cast to please nomaize,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue threst in swelling sheave,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my summer burnt vp quite:
My haruelle hatts to stirre by winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure,
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes elo hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth myght.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No soyme now shiues, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry gles,
My Bul is boarle and weary of thys sounde:

Were

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
 Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.
 Winter is come, that blowes the surter blasse,
 And after Winter dreerie death goes hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief:
 Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
 Ere the byrme Winter breede you greater grieve.
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
 Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
 Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:
 Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
 Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



G L O S S E.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd. **Lambkins)** young lambes.
Als of then) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse **Pan curat oues** ouuunque magistras.
Deigne) vouchsafe. **Eabinet)** Colinet) diu nutines.
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres) felowes and companions.
Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth *Oui artem tractant musicam*, speking of Poetes.
Derring doe) asoreclayd.
Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the whote
 signe *Leo*, vvhich is in middest of Iomer; a pretie allègory, vvhertoof the meaning
 is; that loue in him wrought an extraordinary heart of lulk.
His ray) vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvh-te loue.
Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So
 he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, vvas the cause of
 all his vnquiemes in loue.
Where I was) a fine discription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and likings; for all things nowe
 seemed

December.

seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddockes and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be stirred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cotes) sheepe cotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sal) or Salowv a kind of ywoodde like VVyllov, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish vvithall.

Phæbe sayes) The Eclipse of the Moone, vvwhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Dragonis, signes in heauen.

Venus) .f. Venus starre, othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setterh last, All vvwhich still in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowve as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvwhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) niuented by the Thulcanes, and fro them deriued to the Romanes, vvho (as is sayd in Liue) vvvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thulcanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That vvonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodies, as also by the vvonderful enchauntments and sorceries that haue bene vvrought by them; in so much that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned me into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth *Dea sæua potētibus herbis &c.*

Kidst) knewest. **Eare)** of corne. **Scathe)** losse hinderaunce.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

Thus is my) The thyrde parte vvherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vtinely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The flugraunt flowvres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vvherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vvwhich are priue to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, vvherein is described his age by comparifon of vvyntrye formes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood. **Glee mirth)**

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adieu delights) is a conclusion of all. vvhere in fixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that vvas touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrde, the keeping of sheepe, vvwhich is the argument of all *Æglogues*. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good vill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is. that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though full indeede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight

weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath made
a Calender, that shall endure as long as time &c. following the ensample of He-
sac and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferum potest nec edax abolere vetustas &c.



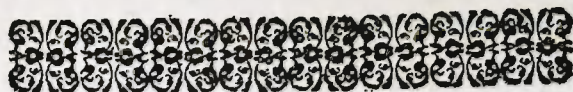
Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steale in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,

It shall continue till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.

Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte.
Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,

Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

Merce non mercede.



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Singleton, dwelling in Creepe lane
at the signe of the gylden
Tunn neere vnto
Lndgate.











